

LIFE



IN THIS ISSUE
**AMERICA'S LONG RANGE
STRIKING FORCE**

13-YEAR-OLD MODEL

20 CENTS

AUGUST 27, 1951

CIRCULATION OVER

5,200,000

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1. Arrow shirts have the world's most perfect fitting, best looking Arrow collars! 2. Arrow shirts are "Sanforized"-labeled, never shrink out of fit. 3. Arrow

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The smart lad at left is wearing Arrow Dover, the world's most popular button-down Oxford, with a Mayfair Foulard tie. (Fabric content is always shown on an Arrow tie.)

The young man in the middle is wearing Dude

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Directly above is the Arrow corduroy (also with the Arafold collar)—comes in a wide range of colors.



Now, let's get down to business. The executives are sitting pretty left to right in: Arrow Par, the first choice of men who like a soft, spread collar. The tie is a Hadley Repp.

Blueboy, in the center, is wearing an Arrow basket weave shirt—the Bi-way Spread, with the amazingly comfortable Arafold collar. The

smart-looking tie is a Mayfair Foulard.

And last, America's most famous white shirt, Dart. Dart has a nonwilt collar, as if you didn't know, and looks wonderful with the Hadley Foulard tie. There you have it, or you *can* have it by dropping into your nearest Arrow dealer's. Why not tomorrow?

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TRADE-MARK



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the extra power of **"ETHYL"** gasoline



When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

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This One



BUXW-RNX-4FHA

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Ship 'n Shore beauties in ever lovely,
ever washable combed cotton broadcloth.*

White and fall colors. Long or short sleeves. 2⁹⁸

Ship'n Shore

BROADCLOTH BLOUSES

*Left: Peter Pan Perennial
Center: Action-back Bowler
Right: Cuff-link Classic*



SHIP 'n SHORE
Classic

SUSQUEHANNA, 1350 BROADWAY, N. Y. 10

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DRUG STORE**

**has it
first!**

**...if it's New and
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Look for this sign
at your drug store—



This Drug Store Features...
**NATIONALLY
PREFERRED
PRODUCTS**
ADVERTISED IN
LIFE



DR. WEST'S Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush. There are hundreds of tooth surfaces in your mouth. One brush reaches them all . . . Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft. This miracle toothbrush (curved two ways) cleans inside, outside, in between. Get Dr. West's, —39¢.



ACE HARD RUBBER COMBS . . . comb smoother, last longer! Won't tear hair—scratch scalp—or lose teeth easily, or curl up and collapse. Many types to choose from; always ask for Ace Combs. You'll find them in individual sanitary boxes!



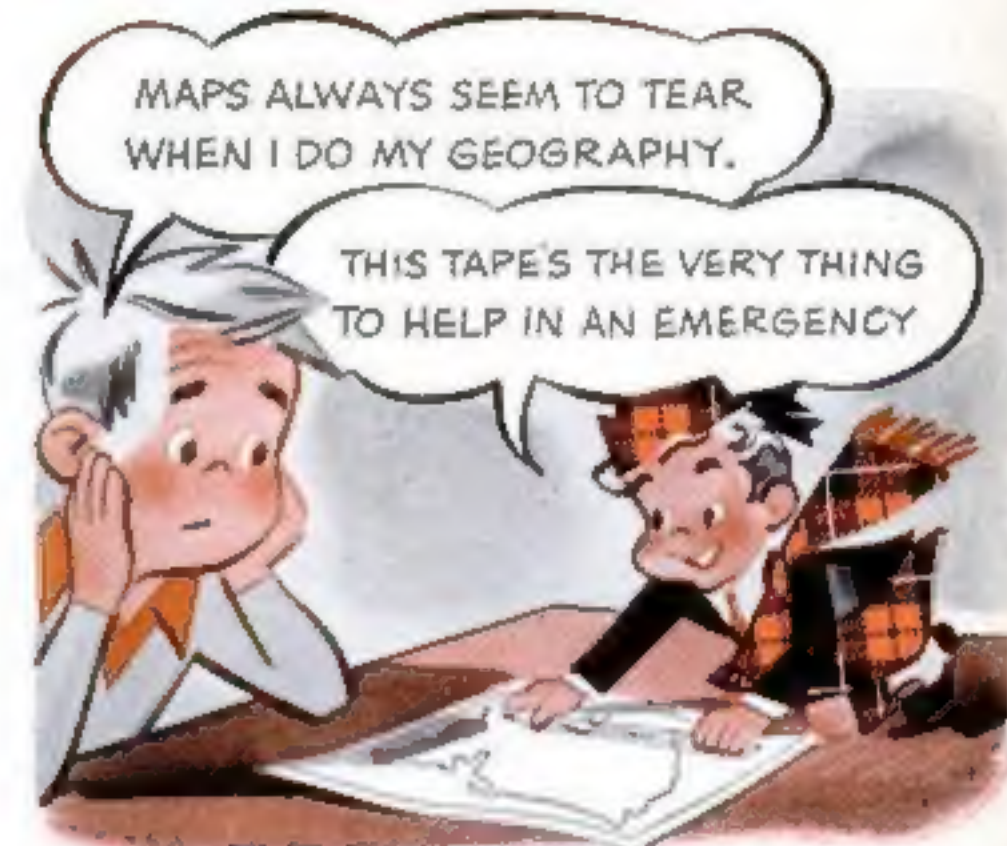
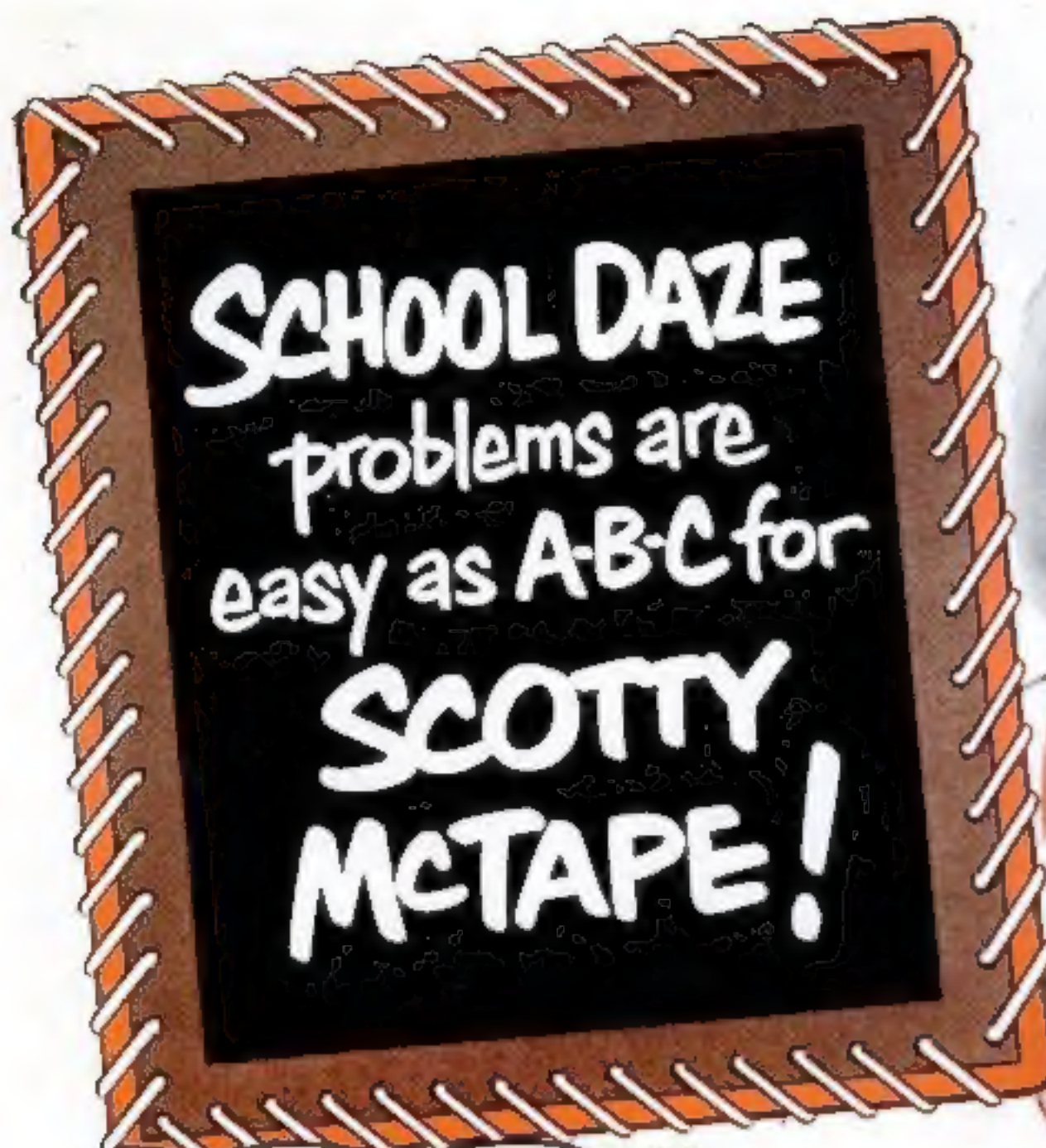
TONI Home Permanent! guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair. Toni has the really gentler waving lotion—plus a new wonder neutralizer Permafix that makes your wave look more natural—last longer. Toni Refill just \$1.00.



ANAHIST checks Hay Fever and Head Cold distress, relieves and controls sneezes, runny nose, watery eyes, stuffy head! Take ANAHIST TABLETS daily, as directed on package. For extra relief use Anahist Atomizer in nasal passages.

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IT'S BACK-TO-SCHOOL time......and that means lots of extra sealing, holding, mending jobs in the classroom and at home. Better buy several rolls of cellophane tape today... and be sure you get genuine "Scotch" Brand. It's America's No. 1 cellophane tape—in quality and all-around usefulness!

"BE SMART-INSIST ON THE 'SCOTCH' BRAND!"



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **SCOTCH** BRAND **Cellophane Tape**



SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENING
...TRANSPARENT AS GLASS

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"Watch 'em eat
This hearty treat"



Eat **HEARTY**-with Franco-American Spaghetti!

For hearty food that tastes so good it will tempt your family to eat hearty—serve Franco-American Spaghetti! Here's extra-fine spaghetti, tender-cooked in a luscious sauce of sun-ripened tomatoes and well-aged Cheddar cheese. It's so easy to fix—and so thrifty, too. Only pennies a portion! Have Franco-American Spaghetti today!

**JUST HEAT...
AND
EAT HEARTY!**



FIGHT HEARTBURN, ACID INDIGESTION 3 WAYS

AT THE
SAME
TIME



Here's why you feel fine so quickly when you take Tums for gas, heartburn, acid indigestion:

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Get Tums today. Still only 10¢ a roll; 3-roll box 25¢.



✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST
SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TAFT OR EISENHOWER

Sirs:

Congratulations for your fine article, "Taft or Eisenhower; the Choice Narrows" (LIFE, Aug. 6). With most Americans in search for a return to decency in government, I hope the politicians won't again block Taft in his fourth convention bid for the presidential nomination.

DAVID L. WARNER

Midvale, Utah

Sirs:

Why waste nine pages on Republicans? G.O.P. died with Willkie. They are as antiquated as Federalists.

JOSEPH SAMSON MURPHY

Newark, N.J.

Sirs:

Ersatz Republicans now want a Willkie again in Eisenhower! His political philosophy unknown, he could be more of a socialist than the party-destroying, fool's-gold Republicans. If the military hero can win an emotional victory, the United States would be saddled with another U.S. Grant! Survival of our two-party system depends upon a clear-cut showdown between opposing policies. Senator Taft is the only Republican presidential possibility who has been consistently and thoroughly in opposition to the Truman policies. . . . Truman will win if there is a Willkie-Eisenhower sneak coup at the Republican convention.

RALPH HARLAND SMITH

Gloucester, Mass.

Sirs:

In California we vote for the man, not the party. Chances are, this list, in order of preference, is how Californians would vote: 1) Earl Warren, 2) Eisenhower, 3) Dirksen, 4) any Roosevelt, 5) Truman, 6) any male citizen, 7) any female citizen, 8) Dewey, 9) Taft, 10) no choice.

WILLIAM C. BERRY

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

You say Eisenhower was born in Kansas. He was really born in Denison, Texas.

EDWARD OSTROM

Elmwood Park, Ill.

● LIFE was wrong. The Eisenhowers moved from Denison to Abilene, Kan. when Dwight was 2 years old. —ED.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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address

city zone state

ONE YEAR \$6.75 in continental U.S.,

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give your hair that "JUST-COMBED" LOOK

...all day long



Wonder-working
Viratol*
does the trick!

Want to see how long a good hair-comb can last?

Use new 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic in the morning and notice how much longer your hair stays neatly combed!

The reason? New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic contains VIRATOL, a special compound which makes hair look and feel natural—and keeps it in place for hours and hours. Only 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic has it!

Try this completely new hair tonic. It contains Triple-A Lanolin, too . . . homogenized for easy flow. Get a bottle now . . . today!



Vaseline **NEW** CREAM HAIR TONIC

* A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place . . . gives it natural lustre.

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cos'd

There goes the DIRT



fast!



**BORAXO GETS OUT
DIRT PLAIN SOAP
CAN'T REACH**



Being a "handy man" is sure hard on hands...



Don't worry! Just wet hands and pour on a little Boraxo...



In 30 seconds, even fingernails are shining clean!

Nothing like Boraxo to get hands cleaner quicker! Its special Borax-Soap Formula gets out even the toughest ground-in dirt in seconds! Yet it's gentle and mild as fine toilet soap. Makes the children really like to clean up grubby hands and knees. Pleases mother because it leaves her hands so soft and smooth feeling. No wonder Boraxo is the American family's favorite powdered hand soap! Get a couple of cans...one for the bathroom, one for the kitchen...in the regular size or *money-saving* one-pound can. **ANOTHER FAMOUS "10 MULE TEAM" PRODUCT**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

SUMMER

Sirs:

After your story "Summer" (LIFE, Aug. 6) I thought you might enjoy this picture of my son Jimmy, at the age of 9 months, enjoying his favorite—watermelon.

MRS. RALPH BENNETT
Elton, Texas



VENUS STUMPS

Sirs:

My endorsement to Venus Ramey Murphy ("Venus Takes the Stump," LIFE, Aug. 6). Her combination of beauty, intelligence and energy put to its utmost use is a tribute to the 20th Century, to U.S. and democratic thinking.

REBECCA D. KAN
Chicago, Ill.

● Venus Murphy found beauty contests easier to win than elections. In the primary, she ran fourth in a field of four. Her conclusion: "I should have gone after the men's vote harder."—ED.

DAGMAR'S DEFENDERS

Sirs:

The criticism of Dagmar by your women readers (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Aug. 6) makes me ashamed I am one of the same sex. Of all the petty jealousy of a beautiful girl, these letters take the prize.

JEANADA JONES
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

In answer to those catty girls who criticized Dagmar, I can only quote the immortal words of "Diamond Jim" Brady, "Them as has 'em, wears 'em."

MRS. LAURENCE W. SPENCER
Omaha, Neb.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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Through tiny jeweled pin!

You can place this beautiful brooch anywhere on your costume—with no outside connecting microphone cord—and you get unmuffled reception, with no clothes-rub noise, even on swishy silk or taffeta. Learn the many smart ways you can wear the new Sonotone so that it actually adds a touch of glamour to your costume. Mail coupon for free fashion booklet, illustrated in color, crammed with fresh style ideas.

SONOTONE

Dept. 687, Elmford, N. Y.

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Please send me new exciting booklet, "FASHION, Your Passport to Poise."

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Even before Johnny could talk he sold us **NEOLITE Soles!**

Johnny didn't have to tell us! We could see for
ourselves how light and flexible NEOLITE Soles were
on his shoes . . . how wonderfully they kept his shoes
in shape. It got us to thinking that NEOLITE Soles would
be a mighty good bet on our shoes, too!

**INSIST
ON GENUINE
NEOLITE**

*The name is
always plainly marked
on the sole*



Lines stay trim!

NEOLITE Soles not only add a new daintiness at the arch, a new beauty of finish, but actually help shoes keep their trim lines and smart new looks. For feather-light NEOLITE is damp-proof—won't curl or twist shoes out of shape!



Easy comfort lasts!

You feel the difference from the very first step. NEOLITE Soles need no breaking-in—are firm and tough, yet flexible from the start. And wear? Why, NEOLITE outwears leather over 2 to 1! Step on it and see!

*Outwears leather
2 to 1!*

*Keeps shoes
smart-looking.*

Light . . . firm . . . flexible.

*Damp-proof! Helps
keep feet dry, keep
shoes in shape.*

NEOLITE

NEOLITE, AN ELASTOMER-RESIN BLEND, T. M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLES

Make any shoe a better shoe — any repair job a better job!

*As shown by actual walking tests, supervised by our own laboratory experts, comparing Neolite with leather of the same high quality specified for use by the Armed Forces.

NEW PACK

*Fresh
/n!*

How fresh can a pea be? The 1951 version of the Green Giant's pride and joy—his flavorful, tenderful peas—were whisked out of the gardens at their fleeting moment of perfect flavor and sealed into cans less than three hours later. And here they are—at your grocer's, right now. *Right now? Let's go!*

Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota;
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"Green Giant" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © GGC Co.

**GREEN
GIANT**
BRAND
GREAT BIG
TENDER
SWEET P.

GREEN GIANT PEAS

BRAND

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

New preparation has remarkable
skin-soothing ingredient

MODERN LIVING demands you shave every day. But your skin need not get irritated, rough, and often old-looking. Not any more...

Two special ingredients in Glider brushless shave cream correct all this. One is the same type of oil that is used on a baby's skin. This allows your razor to cut close without scraping.

The second ingredient which insures your skin new shaving comfort is EXTRACT OF LANOLIN—a wonderful new substance with beneficial ingredients 25 times as active as in plain lanolin, the well-known skin conditioner.

Glider for the brushless shaver—whether you shave daily or less often—means a comfortable, clean shave. And for the man who must shave twice a day, it's a life-saver! It keeps the skin silky-smooth because it's a shaving preparation that's good for the skin. So good that it makes after-shave lotions needless. All you need do is rub a little extra Glider right into your skin... and like a skin cream it replenishes the oils of your skin, leaves your face feeling smooth, relaxed with that healthy look of youth everybody admires.

As makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years, and as makers of the only shaving preparations containing EXTRACT OF LANOLIN, we know there's not a better brushless preparation on the market. Get a tube today and see for yourself! The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Charles S. Campbell
PRESIDENT

Keep knives and scissors sharp



Knife & Scissors
Sharpening

Dazey Model No. 910AC

\$5.95 others as low as \$3.25

All Chrome DAZEY TWIN SHARPIT

The Dazey Twin Sharpit keeps a keen edge on your knives, scissors, sickles, and other household cutting edges. It's the finest sharpener made for home use. Available in a variety of colors and finishes. At department, home furnishings, and hardware stores.

Be sure



DAZEY

This name "Dazey" on "Kitchen Helper" is equivalent to the mark "Sterling" on silver.



Push Out CORNS
from underneath!

WITH NEW **BLUE-JAY**
CORN PLASTERS

Only BLUE-JAY has new Wonder Drug PHENYLUM

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

I am far from an American beauty, but I say, "Hooray for Dagmar!" She makes me proud to be a woman.

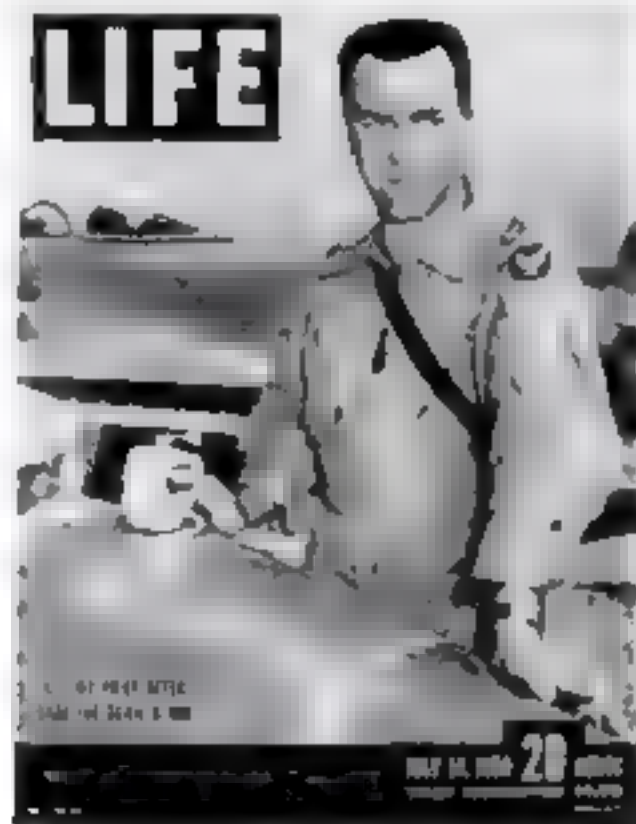
IRENE ELLEN FARKAS

Philadelphia, Pa.

COVER CASUALTY

Sirs:

One of LIFE's most memorable covers was the picture of Raymond E. Schillerheff (below), the jet pilot who was shown just after he had shot down a North Korean Yak (LIFE, July 17, 1950). Early this month Major Schillerheff, back in the States after 102 combat missions in Korea, was flying



an F-86 en route to his father's funeral in Cashmere, Wash. when he crashed into a B-26 bomber over Hill Air Force Base in Utah. The bomber pilots parachuted to safety, though they suffered severe injuries. But Raymond Schillerheff was killed.

DR. MILTON BARKANN

Jersey City, N.J.

TO LIFE

CONTEST FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

P. O. BOX 10
NEW YORK 46, NEW YORK

Sirs:

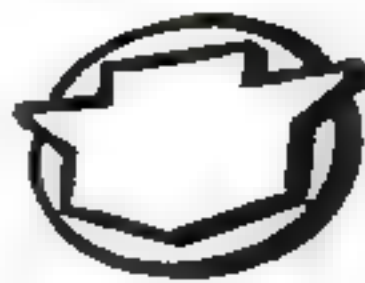
I understand that to enter LIFE's Contest I must be 30 years of age or under through Dec. 31, 1951, be a resident of the U.S., its territories or possessions or a member of the U.S. Armed Forces on active duty and have had at least one of my photographs published. Please send me an entry blank and complete rules.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

100 CASH PRIZES

TOTALING \$15,000



Ask for

Florsheim Shoes

Accept nothing less...

and you can't ask
for anything more!



The Viking, S-1317
Genuine Shell Cordovan
Wing Tip

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women



AT HOME. Rosemarie perches on mother's chair. Of her daughter's sudden success, Mrs. Coover says: "Now she's always flippin' through here like a cloud."

GRADUATION PICTURE below was taken in a dress Rosemarie had partially made herself. "It stinks," she says of the dress now. "It's corny for me."

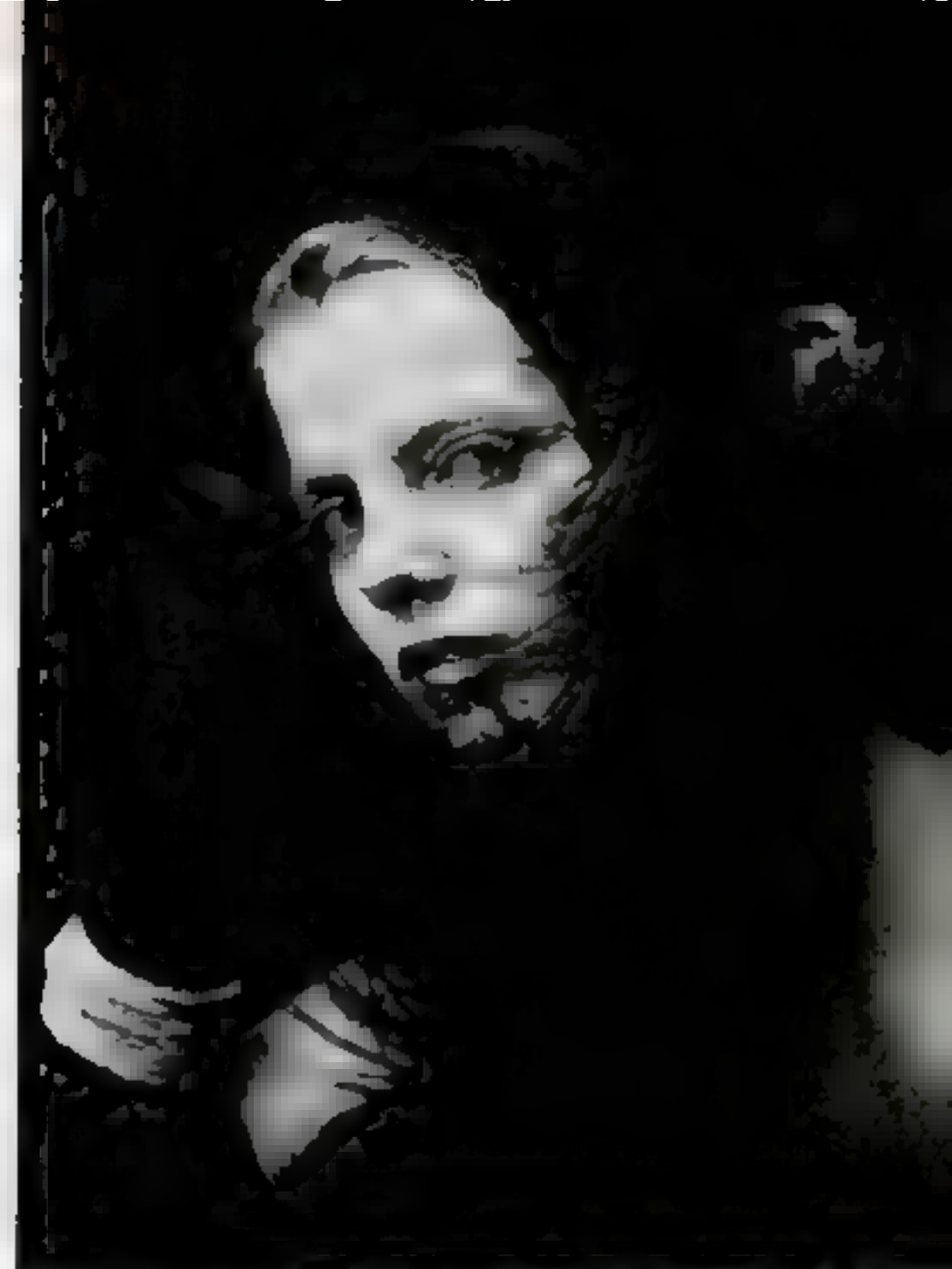


SPEAKING OF PICTURES

...New York photographer
discovers wonderful bones

Fashion Photographer Richard Avedon first saw 13-year-old Rosemarie Coover as he was getting out of a cab in front of a New York restaurant. She was dressed in blue-jeans and a boy's undershirt like a thousand other East Side urchins, and, hopeful of a tip, was holding open the door of Avedon's cab. For this favor the photographer gave her a quarter and a perfunctory glance. The glance did it; his trained eye swept past her stringy, ash-blond hair and her gawky, stoop-shouldered frame. "All I saw," says Avedon, "was those wonderful facial bones." After negotiating with Rosemarie and Mama Coover (*top, left*) about modeling fees, Avedon took the child and her wonderful bones to his studio where he first photographed her in a high-fashion glamour

TOMBOY PICTURE (left) of Rosemarie was taken by Avedon in her apartment because he wanted a picture of her just as she looked when he first saw her



PEEK-A-BOO PICTURE (above) was taken by Milton Greene, who also photographed LIFE's cover. Rosemarie liked dress. "Real sexy," she observed.

FIRST FASHION PICTURE (left) of Rosemarie will appear in September *Harper's Bazaar*. Sultry look appeared when she got angry about hot lights



pose (top, second from right). Then he took her to her tenement flat and photographed her in the blue-jeans and undershirt. He showed his results to Jerry Ford of the Ford Model Agency (LIFE, Oct. 4, 1948) who was so impressed that he immediately signed Rosemarie up.

Since then Rosemarie, a high-spirited, impatient adolescent, has earned close to \$450 in a dozen sittings and is on her way to becoming a top-drawer model. So far three photographers have taken her picture successfully—Avedon, Milton Greene, whose languorous portrait of her is on LIFE's cover, and uncelebrated Second Avenue Photographer Colman Kuharik who showed Rosemarie just as she looked (left) when she graduated from grammar school last June.

ROSEMARIE PUTS ON A GLAMOUR LOOK →



Now - a Toaster
that waits for the eggs!



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's.

General Electric Automatic Toaster keeps your toast down
till you want it, or pops it up!

When you want it!

This new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop toast up when you're ready for it. Or, if you prefer to wait, just set the control knob and a special built-in device will keep that wonderful, golden-brown toast down until you want it.

How you want it!

G-E leaves all this up to you. Whether you like it light, medium or dark . . . you can have it your way! Just set the control knob and let this G-E beauty toast every piece . . . uniformly . . . from the first slice to the last, whether it's two or twenty. Every slice so crisp and munchy, too!

So quick to clean!

It's so easy! All you do is snap out the Crumb Tray . . . clean it in 10 speedy seconds . . . snap it back in again! No more turning toaster upside down to empty crumbs! General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

"Toast To Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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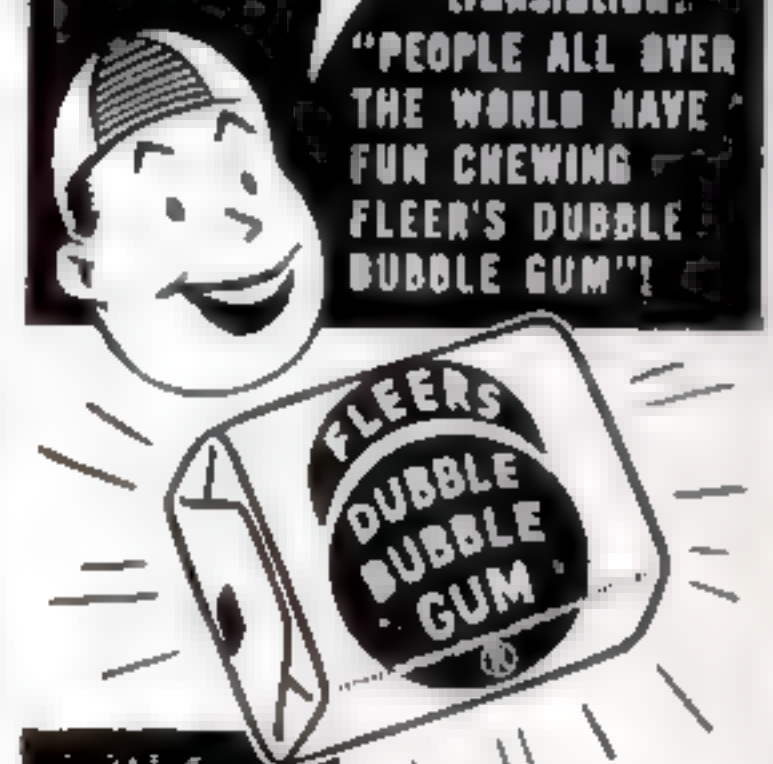
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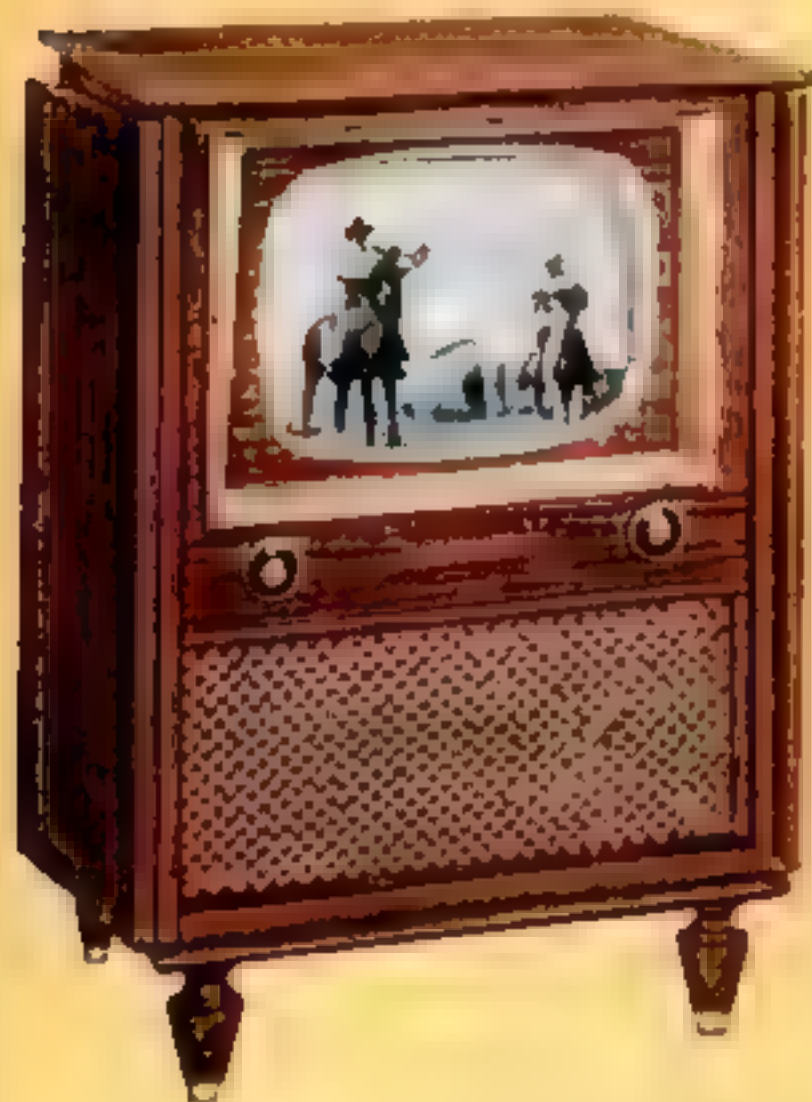
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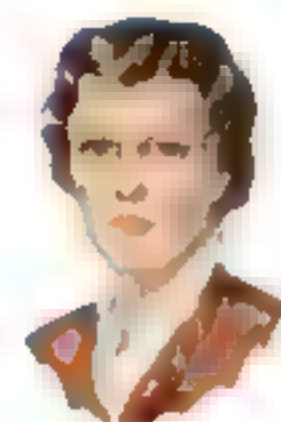


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Betty Crocker

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LIFE'S COVER

Rosemarie Coover, the 13-year-old who appears on this week's cover, is a tall (5 feet, 7 inches), slender (117 pounds) young lady who used to like nothing better than playing hopscotch in New York's streets and collecting pictures of movie stars. But things have changed since Rosemarie, whose father is a tile layer, has become a model (pp. 10, 11). She has been to the Stork Club, is getting fussy about clothes and wants a model's hatbox. Her success has not impressed her 15-year-old brother. Whenever he thinks Rosemarie is putting on the dog, he shouts, "Lookit what the model's doin' now, Maw!"

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48—COUNTESS OF BARCELONA—PIERO SAPIORI
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But if it weren't for that \$250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be plugging away at the same old job. Strangely, it's all thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, to be exact. I remember the date because it was my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she went upstairs to dress, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it idly. Then somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire." Probably the reason I read it through was that just that evening Peg and I had been saying how hard it was for us to put anything aside for our future.

Well, we'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to go on working so hard. What then?

Now this ad sounded as if it might have the answer. It told of a way that a man

of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of \$250 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

The ad offered more information. No harm in looking into it, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I ever clipped. I mailed it on our way to the movies.

Twenty years slide by mighty fast. The crash... the depression... the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about!

1946 came... I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and retired. We're living a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our \$250 a month will keep coming as long as we live.

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Date of Birth _____

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863 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

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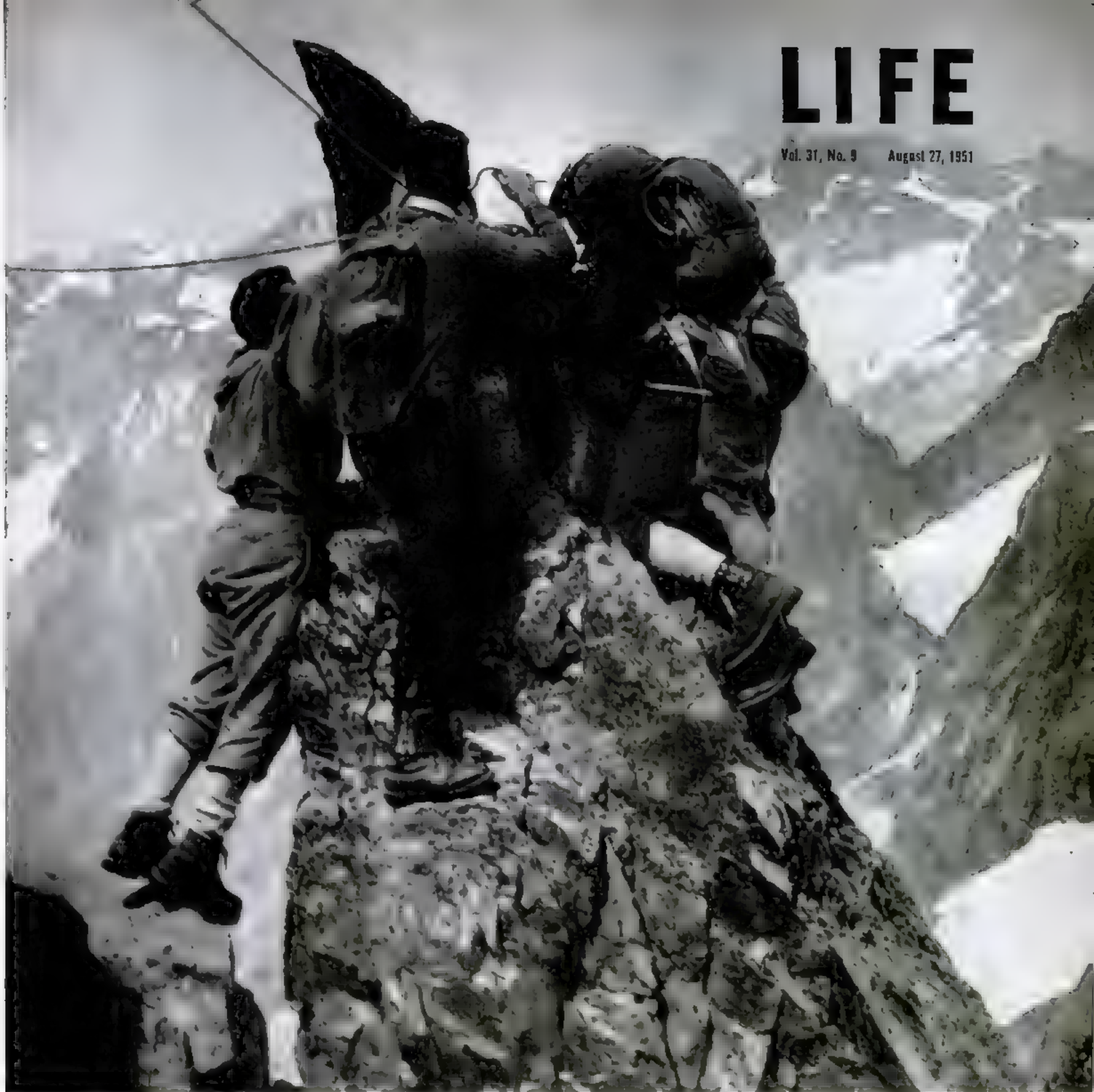
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THREE FRENCH ALPINISTS FLIRT WITH DEATH ATOP A GIANT ROCK PINNACLE AS THEY CARRY DOWN THE BODY OF A FELLOW CLIMBER AFTER FATAL FALL

THE ALPINISTS LOSE TO THE ALPS

This summer European resorts were bristling with tourists and vacationists. Even the Alps seemed crowded with enthusiastic climbers, who were enjoying a superb season. Guides and hotel owners congratulated themselves on the remarkable absence of mishaps. More than a month had gone by and not one climber had been killed. Then soft snow fell on the peaks, ordinarily bare in the summer, and left dangerous patches on the rocky ledges. Despite this

hazard two Germans accomplished the notable feat of scaling the sheer 14,020-foot Grandes Jorasses peak in the Mont Blanc range. But on July 26 a famed Alpinist, Otto Furrer (*next page*), slipped near the summit of the 14,780-foot Matterhorn and plunged to his death.

That began a tragic series of accidents in France, Switzerland and Italy which has suddenly dotted the glazed, craggy Alps with almost more rescuers than climbers. Within just

three weeks after Furrer's fatal fall 27 Alpinists had been killed and numerous others injured.

Grimmest of the rescue operations was made on an 11,700-foot bare rock pinnacle, jutting up from a glacier near Grenoble. There a group of courageous, daring volunteers retrieved the body of René Gallat, who only two days before had helped save another climber's life and then, in a risky climb of his own, had been hurled headfirst against a jagged cliff by an avalanche.



FIRST FATALITY of the season was the famous Swiss Alpinist, Otto Furrer (left), who plunged to his death near the Matterhorn's summit while serving as guide for an American, Hilda Erlanger. She toppled with him, but luckily escaped



death. Twelve hours later an Italian rescue party found her with both legs fractured, bundled in blankets on a frozen ledge. Using a sled litter (right), they succeeded in bringing her down the steep Matterhorn slope without further injury.



TICKLISH RESCUE saves Hans Hohl who broke his leg when the soft summer snow gave under his feet and sent him crashing into boulders below. Spending the night alone on a ledge, he amused himself by photographing the stars. The



rescue party which came the next morning and carried him down included René Gallat (wearing white cap in center picture). Hohl completed his slow descent on horseback after receiving refreshment and treatment in a mountain station.



SADDEST RETURN was made by friends of René Gallat, who, after helping in the rescue of Hans Hohl, himself was killed. In a dangerous 21-hour-long mission, they scaled a sheer cliff, found the corpse near the summit, carried it strapped



on their backs in the long descent. On the way down, Claude Forget (crossing his arms, above) rested by leaning with the body against the rocks. An unwritten code obligates the Alpinists to search for fellow climbers when they are missing.

CLAWING THE SHEER ROCK WALL, CLAUDE FORGET DESCENDS WITH THE BODY OF HIS DEAD FRIEND →



HEARST JOURNALISM

The U.S., for all its wealth and its assembly-line production of millionaires, has been a nation singularly lacking in ostentation. True, the rich have built such pleasure resorts as Newport, and some of their heirs have even learned to play polo. But most often the U.S. millionaire has been a frail old John D. Rockefeller hacking his way around a golf course and passing out dimes, or a Texas oilman sitting alone in a second-rate hotel room, wondering rather forlornly what to do with his money and with himself. The salesmen and the vaudeville comedians have been the big spenders; the rich have always seemed to have more money than fun.

William Randolph Hearst was the great and memorable exception.

Not only was he fantastically wealthy—the heir to \$30 million, which he then dazlingly pyramided to more than \$200 million—but he was a fantastic spender. As the story of his life on the following pages shows, he was a sybarite, a devotee of the grand gesture, a man to whom the San Simeon mansion was just a ranch house. In all respects he was a fabulous man—such as the U.S. had never produced before and will never produce again.

A Hearst editor once said that the goal was to make every reader, on opening the newspaper, cry, "Gee whiz!" Perhaps that phrase is today the most fitting comment on Hearst the man, who would hardly have minded a colloquialism for an epitaph.

But Hearst was more than a man; he was the inventor, purveyor, prolificator and practitioner of a phenomenon known as Hearst Journalism which has rocked the U.S. with controversy for more than a half century. In part Hearst Journalism was a superspectacular business operation: Hearst bought up newspapers with a lavish hand, poured his money and energies into them and used the profits to build more papers, syndicates and feature services.

In part it was a one-man fireworks display. There were no stockholders to stay Hearst's ambitious plans, no directors to question his judgment, no editors with sufficient rank to question his tastes. Hearst was "The Chief," in the parlance of his city rooms, and everyone else was a hired hand. He practiced the acme of "personal journalism"—the kind in which an uninhibited owner-editor pours out his own opinions, tastes, talents and prejudices—in more than a dozen cities at once, from Boston to San Francisco.

In part it was a technique. Hearst had studied the methods of Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World*, the pioneer in making newspapers so exciting (by hook or by crook) that the most reluctant customer was forced to buy. In many ways he went Pulitzer one better. He slashed up the front page with scare headlines; he splashed red ink among the black. He filled up the paper with cartoons and photographs, mostly of actresses in bathing suits. He exploited "cheesecake," sex murders, sob stories, comic strips, claptrap science, advice to the lovelorn, the high jinks of high society and invective against local corruption. He threw out the polysyllables and wrote

editorials that even a moron could understand. He was himself a clear, literate and forceful writer, as good as any in the business. He also hired the best reporting and writing brains that money could buy, beating Hollywood by years to the discovery that one way to make people buy your product is to surround yourself with the highest-priced talent available. On dull days, when nothing was happening, the fertile brains of the Hearst staffs invented the news. The best sob stories that ever appeared in the Hearst papers were written about orphans who never existed, and many a reader gnashed his teeth in horrified indignation over the violation of a fair young maiden who was entitled to neither the adjectives nor the noun. Hearst Journalism, in its oldest and yellowest days, may have struck some readers as undignified and phony, but it never struck any reader as dull. Like it or not, no one could ignore it.

As to what else Hearst Journalism was, this will take a little explaining, for Hearst Journalism spanned three generations and sometimes seemed to have as many phases as the moon. In the early days it was denounced for being wildly radical; Hearst Journalism was opposed to the trusts and favored public ownership of telegraph lines, railroads and coal mines. It was for William Jennings Bryan and free silver. It was accused of fomenting the assassination of President McKinley and pushing the U.S. into the Spanish-American War.

Yet when Teddy Roosevelt came along—as both trust buster and hero of the Spanish-American War—Hearst Journalism bitterly opposed him. By the time of World War I, Hearst Journalism was isolationist; indeed to many critics it seemed blatantly pro-Kaiser. Later it was opposed to Al Smith, who in many ways was the apotheosis of the real man of the people. But Smith gave Hearst Journalism its worst political licking—and by way of revenge it helped Franklin Roosevelt get the Democratic nomination over Smith in 1932. Then hardly had Roosevelt taken office when Hearst Journalism began calling his New Deal the "Raw Deal." In the days before World War II, Hearst Journalism frothed against Roosevelt's domestic ideas (none of which went nearly so far as to propose socialization of railroad, telegraph and mine) and shouted that in foreign affairs Roosevelt was a warmonger.

Thus in its political philosophy Hearst Journalism eventually made a full 180-degree turn, stopping at every minute and second of the compass en route. No matter what direction it was facing at the moment it always fought hard—and often fought dirty. Hearst Journalism never overburdened its readers with information of any kind—for information may sometimes be dull and dullness is a sin—but it was especially lean on any information from the other side of the fence. It was not the mission of Hearst Journalism to notice the occasional virtues of its enemies or the occasional mistakes of its friends. Because Hearst Journalism gave no quarter,

and because a friend today was usually an enemy on some tomorrow, it finally managed to antagonize just about every existing segment of informed opinion.

The strange thing is that when William Randolph Hearst died last week—a very old man who was no longer cutting much of a swath, a man who was by this time just the symbol and namesake of Hearst Journalism—everybody spoke up in his praise. The Vice President of the U.S., the Republican governor of New York, the Democratic mayor of New York City, a Catholic cardinal, a leading Jewish rabbi, countless other governors, mayors and important citizens, all composed their eulogies. Prodded by Hearst reporters, they said much more than would have been required by the old Latin code of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Hearst Journalism seemed to have an almost unanimous endorsement, from the bottom of the heart. Since Hearst Journalism had made so many enemies, this is something that also deserves explanation.

The thing is that Hearst Journalism always managed to raise two flags of immunity. One was the American flag; Hearst Journalism has always been superpatriotic; it has always sung *The Star-Spangled Banner* a little louder than anybody else and waved the banners harder and cheered the troops louder. Its editorial pages have been sprinkled with patriotic slogans; it has dabbled in the American Legion, sponsored I Am an American Days and given high school students prizes for essays on Americanism. The other flag was religion. Its editorial page started off with a quote from the Bible, and men of the cloth were always welcome in its news columns. No other school of journalism, indeed, ever waged such an active campaign to cultivate an alliance with the Church, complete with mutual favors and praise.

It is easy to be intimidated by an opponent who stands wrapped in the American flag, particularly when he stands in a church—and this is one reason so many people, in recent days, have rallied to the praise of Hearst Journalism. To do less would have been to run the risk of sounding unpatriotic, or even irreligious. Few public figures, in times like these, care to take that kind of risk.

Well, we had better face it; this is a bad thing. There is no point or delicacy now in arguing over the career of Mr. Hearst, who is dead. But Hearst Journalism, whether practiced by Hearst or anyone else, is quite a different matter. In fact one of the big problems of our day is how to recognize and attack the unwise, unfair or demagogic tactic—of newspaper, politician, military man or plain citizen—which comes in the protective wrappings of patriotism and religion. The U.S., more than ever before in its history, needs a unifying and inspiring sense of pride, responsibility and unselfish patriotism to go with its new place in the sun. It is also in greater need of prayer than ever before. But if we ever start automatically shouting amen to anyone who has thought to produce the flag or the Bible before speaking, we will be in pretty sorry shape.



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST FOUND A MEASURE OF PEACE AMONG HIS WONDROUS TREASURES AT HIS SAN SIMEON RANCH

1863 · W. R. HEARST · 1951

DEATH PUTS A QUIET END TO THE PRESS LORD'S UNQUIET CAREER

All was quiet in the big Beverly Hills house where William Randolph Hearst, 88, lay on his four-poster deathbed. For months his strength had been ebbing away; now it was plain to his doctors that he had only a few hours left. And in the evening he had begun to feel weak. He had complained of a pain in his leg. Around midnight there was a stir in the house. He seemed to be sinking and the doctors brought in equipment for a transfusion. They told Marion Davies to keep up a running chat with him to keep him quiet and comfortable. All night she sat at his bedside,

talking to him of the gay long-past days when both of them had been active in the movie business.

At last, after daybreak, Hearst slept, and Miss Davies was given a sedative so that she could get some rest too. She went to her room. About 9:45 the old man was having trouble with mucus in his throat and one of the nurses in his room went to get the doctor. While the other nurse on duty stood over him, anxiously watching and listening, the breathing stopped. It was 9:50 by the bedside clock, Aug. 14, 1951, when Hearst's long career came to its end.



HEARST'S FUNERAL in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral was conducted by the Right Rev. Karl Morgan Blook, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California. Casket lay in cathedral nave, and family sat in front row. A 30-man honor guard, with flag-bearers, flanked entrance to the nave. There were 200 floral offerings.



HEARST'S CASKET of copper, with family behind, is carried down steps for the procession of 22 limousines to Cypress Lawn Cemetery. Honorary pallbearers form an aisle on the steps; California Governor Earl Warren stands at left end of far row. Next to him are Hearst Corp. Chairman Martin Huberth, L. B. Mayer.

Hearst CONTINUED



MARION DAVIES stands in the hallway of her Beverly Hills home under her portraits from silent movie roles, *Little Old New York* (left) and *The Red Mill*.

PUBLIC POMP AND LONELY GRIEF

The minute Hearst died (of what the doctors called "several cerebral vascular accidents") the house in Beverly Hills came alive. Sons William Jr. and David were summoned from the guest house. They, the doctors and Richard E. Berlin, Hearst Corporation president, all joined the nurse in the upstairs bedroom in a matter of minutes, while urgent calls began going out to the family, Hearst executives, the press and a mortuary. It was an hour before Miss Davies was aroused. When she got to the sickroom she was startled to find it empty. The hearse already had come and gone.

"I asked where he was," she said later, "and the nurse said he was dead. His body was gone, whoosh, like that. Old W. R. was gone, the boys were gone. I was alone. Do you realize what they did? They stole a possession of mine. He belonged to me. I loved him for 32 years and now he was gone. I couldn't even say goodbye."

The old man's things went with him, all but a picture on the emptied bedside desk. It was inscribed "To W. R. from Marion," bore scribbled lines from *Romeo and Juliet*: "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, my love as deep; the more I give to thee, the more I have, for both are infinite."

Accompanied by four of his sons—William Jr., George, David and Randolph—Hearst's body was flown to his native San Francisco, to lie in state. His widow and fifth son, John, flew out from New York. Around the world, the press got out its obituaries; across the country, in Hearst towns, flags flew at half-staff. There were 1,500 people at his funeral, and an overflow crowd outside the church. When his body was taken to the family tomb to join his parents, a poem was read, *Song of the River*, which Hearst had written in his newspaper column in 1941. Its closing lines:

*So don't ask why we live or die, or whether, or when we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries that only God may know.*

Back in the Beverly Hills house, telegrams and callers began to arrive a few hours after the body left. There were messages of condolence to Miss Davies from Doris Duke, Herbert Bayard Swope, the Huntington Hartford, the Douglas MacArthurs, and visits from Constance Talmadge, Cobina Wright and other friends. There was a phone call from British Press Lord Beaverbrook, who wanted to get straight on the question whether the big house was hers or Hearst's. (It is hers.) From time to time she paced the downstairs hall, where 12 life-size portraits of herself in film roles stared down at her. Upstairs the pet dachshund Helena, who had been Hearst's constant companion, trotted the hallway disconsolately sniffing at one doorway after another.

At the funeral hour, Miss Davies, who was not asked to the services and did not ask to go, told a nurse, "I'd thought I might go to church, but I'll just stay here. He knew how I felt about him and I know how he felt about me. There's no need for dramatics." With the little dachshund, she sat for a while in her darkened room, and later that day left the house to stay with friends. Since the hour of Hearst's death, her name had not appeared in Hearst's press, for Hearst journalism had entered a new era.

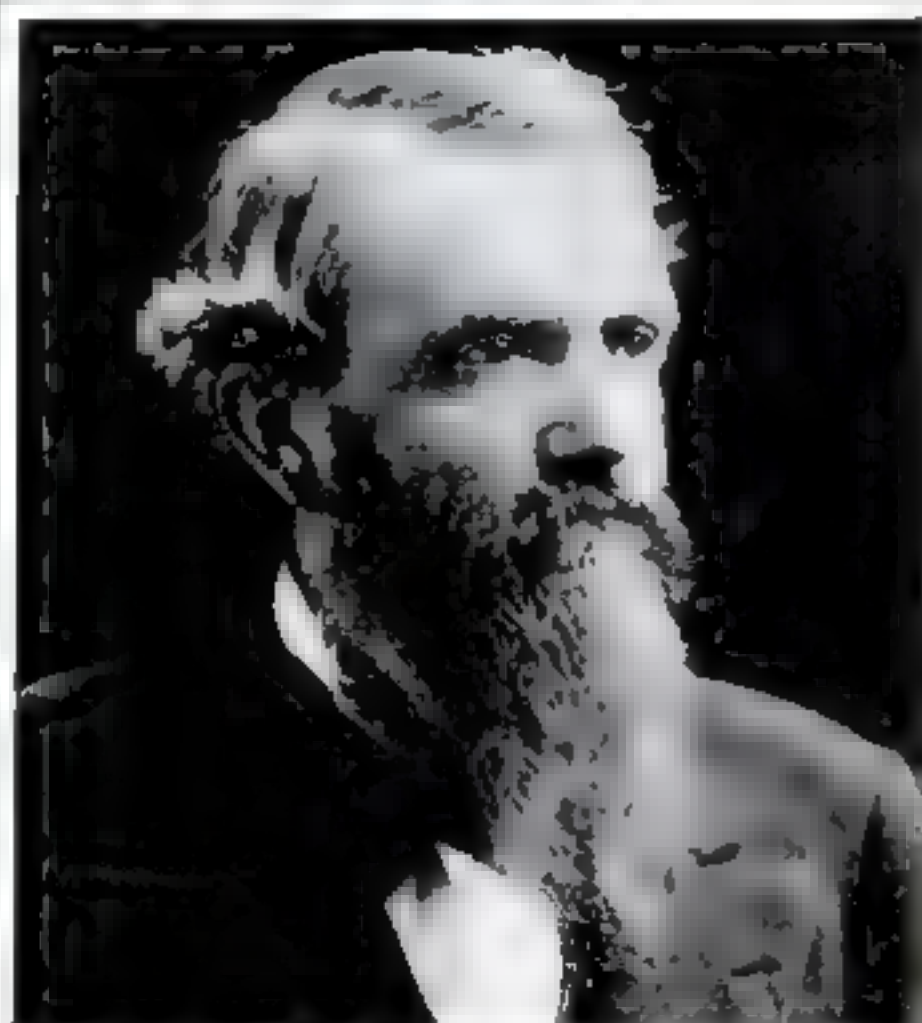


LONELY DACHSHUND Helena sits on the white satin spread on the antique canopy bed where her master died. The portrait on the desk at the right is of Miss Davies. The large painting at the left is *The Interior of an Antwerp Cathedral* by H. van Bassen, and the smaller one to the right of it is *A Spanish Church*

Interior by J. Gallegos. On another desk in Hearst's bedroom there was a Japanese metal ashtray in which lay a note from General Douglas MacArthur, and on his bureau he had framed pictures of two of his dachshunds. The bedroom is 11 by 14 feet, and in the adjoining bathroom a barber chair with foam rubber cushions.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 25

BORN IN WEALTH AND TEETHED ON A GOLD MINE, WILLIAM R. HEARST



FATHER was bluff George Hearst, Missouri Argonaut who struck it rich three times in Western gold, silver and copper fields, went on to become influential Democrat, was rewarded with U.S. Senate seat.



MOTHER was gentle Phoebe Apperson, also from Missouri, who became a San Francisco society leader and philanthropist. Great wealth never spoiled her, but she could not resist spoiling her only son Will.



HOMESTAKE MINE at Lead, S. Dak., which Senator Hearst bought into in 1877, was a foundation of family fortune. Later it was to help "W.R." in financial jams. He held up to \$6.5 million in stock.



WAR CAMERAMAN Hearst sailed to Cuba aboard his yacht, once helped capture some Spaniards on beach. He used war to help fight his circulation battle against Pulitzer's *World*.



BRIDE AND GROOM portrait was taken in 1903 after he married pretty Millicent Willson, whom he met while she was in the cast of *The Girl from Paris*. She left the show and they honeymooned in England.



CANDIDATE Hearst campaigned as a reformer and trust buster for New York governorship in 1906. Earlier he had won Tammany seat in Congress where he served two terms, twice he vainly tried for New York mayoralty.



HIS FAMOUS WRITER, Arthur Brisbane, liked to dress up with his boss for parties. He wrote "Today" column, in which he scoffed at prize fights by saying that any gorilla "could have whipped both men." He also egged boss into unprofitable Manhattan real-estate ventures.



HIS FAMOUS FRIENDS included Winston Churchill who with son Randolph, flanked Hearst at a 1929 dinner given by Moviemaker L. B. Mayer (right). Editorially Hearst was anti-British but hired Churchill as a writer.



FAVORITE, Marion Davies met W.R. in '918. She had been in the movie *Chu Chin Chow*, was Folies girl.

RAN A TINY NEWSPAPER PLAYTHING INTO VAST PUBLISHING DOMINION



AT HARVARD, Will (shown with a classmate) managed the *Lampoon*, studied Boston papers, was expelled—he sent profs chamber pots as prank.



HIS FIRST PAPER was little San Francisco *Examiner*, which his father had taken over for an unpaid debt. This was in 1887 when W.H. was 23. Hearst hired special trains to cover big out-of-town news, fed readers a rich diet of sensationalism and reform.



SPANISH WAR FEVER was stirred by imaginary Remington sketch of Spanish police searching Cuban woman. It was drawn after Hearst cabled the artist, "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."



"YELLOW KID" ran in New York *See* in 1898. It likened Hearst to comic character that gave yellow journalism its name.



"THE YELLOW PERIL," by Cartoonist Oliver Herford, appeared in old *Life* in 1922, depicted Hearst as an octopuslike office seeker, rear lung toward Albany and White House. He never got either, so he took to adopting pet candidates. Among them were Andrew Mellon, John N. Garner, Alfred Landon.



AT WORK Hearst was a master of concentration. Here he pores over clip board of dispatches at his ranch, after he was thrown out of France in 1930 for disclosing secret treaty.



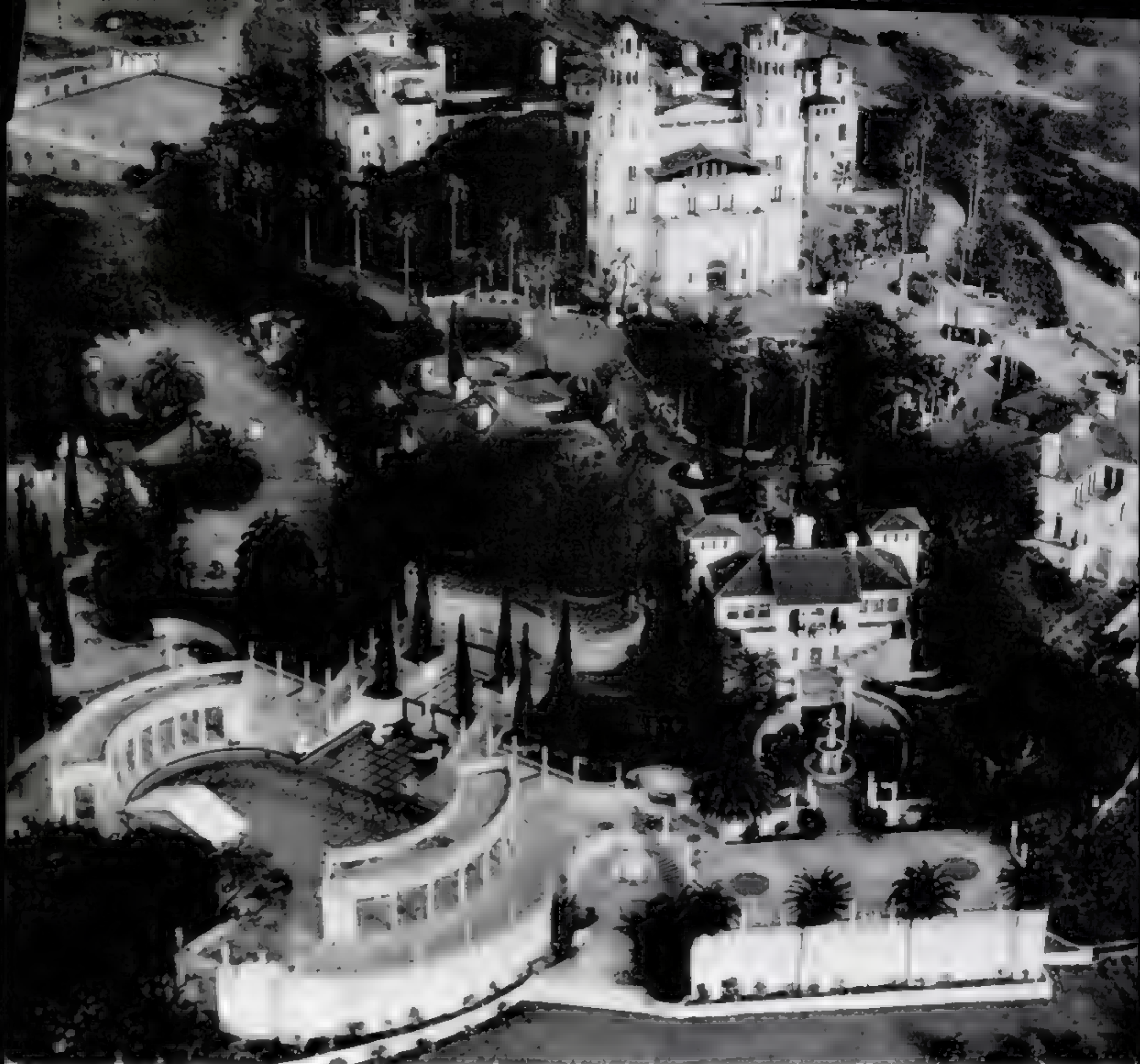
MONASTERY bought by Hearst in Spain was knocked down, shipped to a Bronx warehouse, sent to city of San Francisco in 1941 as gift, is still crated.



'CITIZEN KANE' was Hearst as Orson Welles saw him. In this scene Publisher Welles storms into composing room of his first paper to tell hired hands things are going to be different now. For making movie Welles was blacklisted by Hearst for years.



AT PLAY at Wynton, his mountain retreat in California, Hearst has a game of croquet with Marion Davies, who by virtue of Hearst's backing became one of country's top motion picture stars in 1920s.



HIGH ABOVE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COAST LIKE AN ALABASTER CASTLE IN THE AIR LOVELY "LA CUESTA ENCANTADA" (THE ENCHANTED HILL) DOMINATES SAN



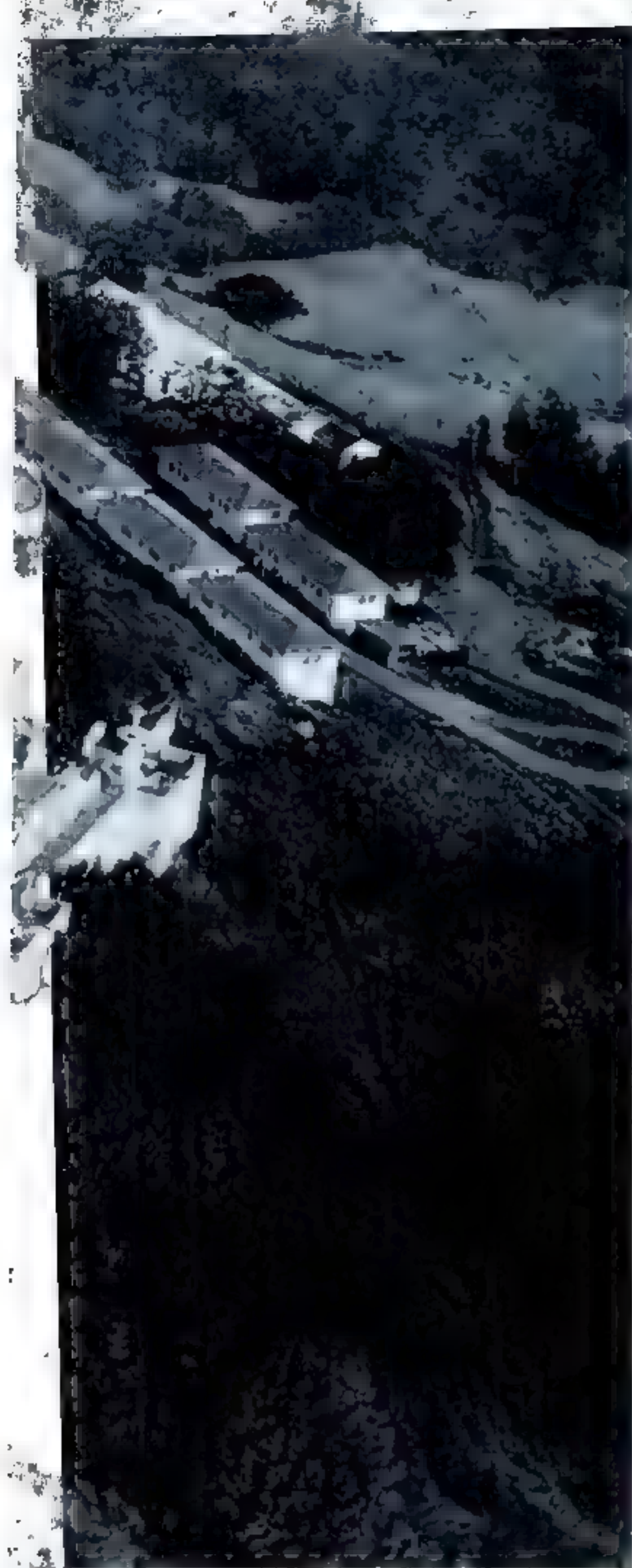
ST. DONAT'S castle in Wales bought by Hearst in 1925 for about \$120,000, was rarely visited by W. R. It was dear to his heart.



NORMAN HOUSE at Sands Point, Long Island cost Hearst \$100,000. In later years it was Mrs. Hearst's home, where he never visited.



BEACH HOUSE at Santa Monica the home of Marjorie



IN GREAT HALL of San Simeon guests ate under banners of Siena. Here George Hearst is

at top right, Miss Davies at left opposite chair usually Hearst's, Charlie Chaplin at lower left.

HE DWELT 'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES

As a boy Hearst rode with his father over the rolling acres of Hearst Ranch, dreaming of the day when it would be his own. In time it was, and he spent \$40 million to make it the most sumptuous, if not the most tasteful, private estate in the world. He scoured the globe for art treasures to fill San Simeon's halls and wild animals to people its grounds. When his guests were bowled over by it all, he smiled a pleased little smile, for he was human enough to want people to like him and be grateful to him. Yet the statesmen and movie cuties who ate in San

Simeon's great hall (*above*) found paper napkins at their places, for he still regarded it as "the ranch." Unlike many men of immense wealth, he felt no compulsion to spend his money with a show of social consciousness. His millions were his alone and no matter how much it infuriated some of his fellow citizens, he felt free to squander them, without accountability, on anything from castles to gumdrops. On these pages are some of the residences that Imperial Hearst owned. Few men in history since Kubla Khan had spent as much on shelter.

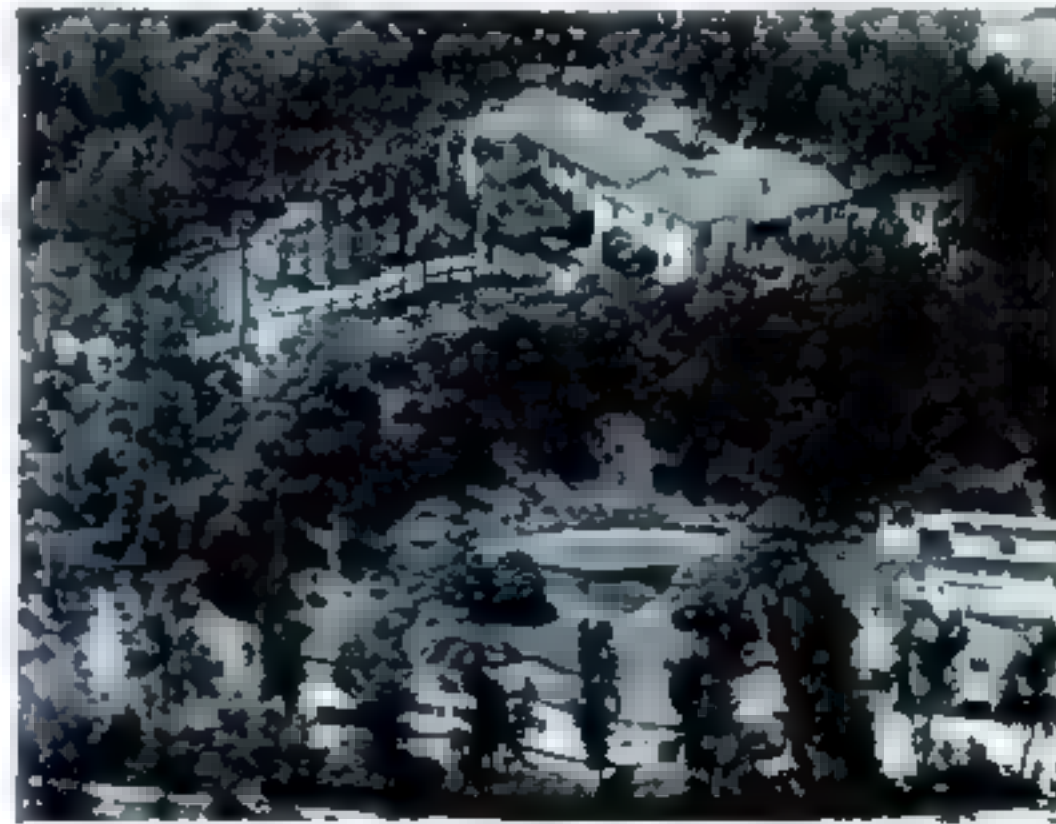
SIMEON, SHRUNK BY LAND SALES FROM 245,000 TO 75,000 ACRES



Davies for years, was sold in 1948, turned into a hotel.



AT WYNTOON, 50,000-acre ranch near Mount Shasta, Calif., he built a Bavarian river-front village, seldom used in recent years.



BEVERLY HILLS mansion, where Hearst died, was his home in last four years; doctors feared altitude of ranch would tax his heart.



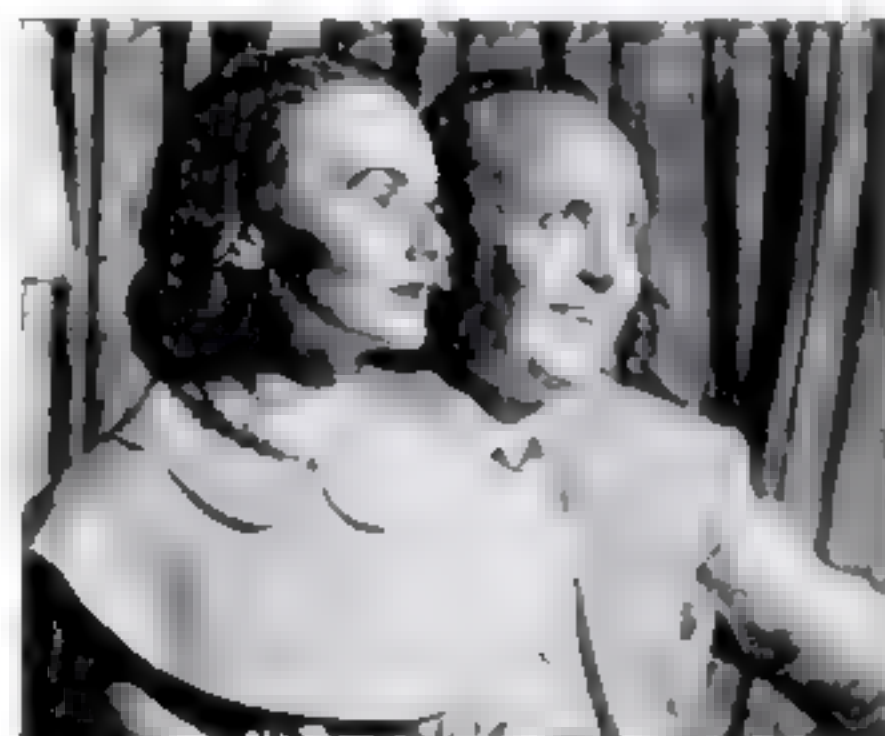
WIDOW Millicent Hearst, 70, inherits a large part of husband's estate, takes no active part in business.



SON GEORGE, the eldest (47), is with San Francisco Examiner. His third wife is Sandra R. Spencer.



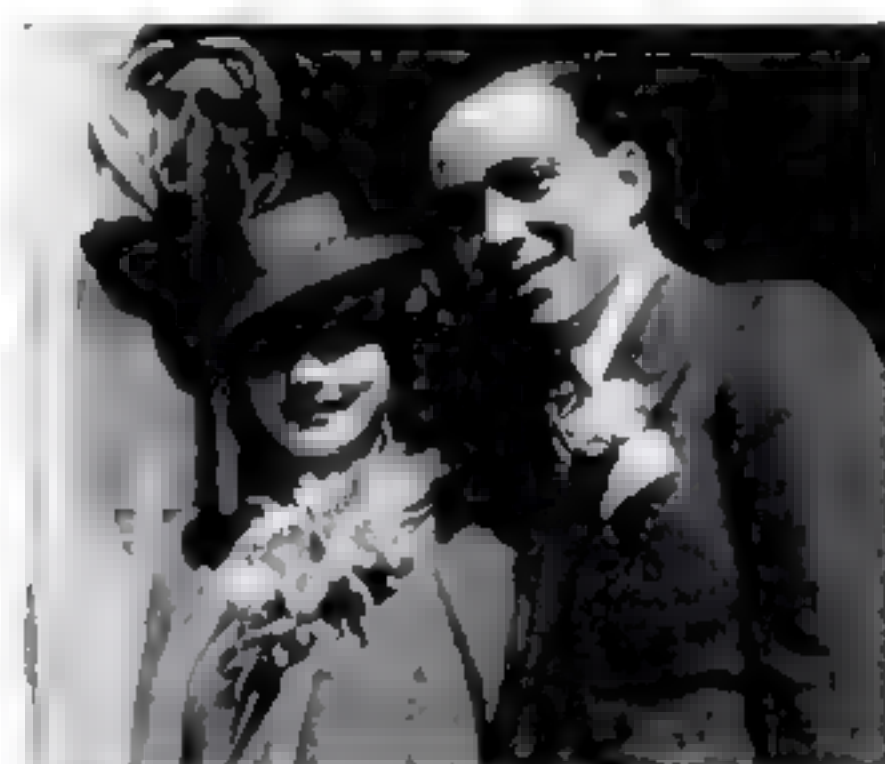
SON JOHN, 41, is an aide to the Hearst newspapers' general manager. His third wife is Fanne Wade.



SON BILL JR., 43, married Columnist Austine Cassini, is publisher of the N.Y. Journal-American.



SON RANDOLPH, 35, married Catherine Campbell, is publisher of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin.



SON DAVID, 35, and Randy's twin, married Hope Chandler, publishes Los Angeles Herald & Express.

\$200 MILLION FOR HIS HEIRS AND CHARITIES

Hearst was a devoted father who would have loved to see his sons show the same driving force he exhibited in acquiring his enterprises. Up to now none has, although all five are older than he was when he first set the newspaper world on fire. Eventually one of them may inherit the trappings if not the power of the throne. Most likely successor is W. R. Hearst Jr., who has been groomed for responsibility by old Hearst hands and by his father himself.

Meanwhile the sons will not wait; Hearst's will, disposing of an estate estimated at \$200 million, puts in trust for them a large and perhaps controlling chunk of the parent Hearst Corp. Their mother gets another trust, with \$6 million in preferred stock of the company, and \$1.5 million in cash to pay taxes on the bequest. A third trust for "charitable, scientific, educational and public purposes" gets most of the rest of the estate, and Hearst's art objects

are left to his California Charities Foundation.

Until one or another Hearst earns the right to wear the crown, the empire is to be run by a regency of tried and true executives, as it was for a period beginning in 1937 when the financially extended Hearst had to abdicate control temporarily. Eight such men, along with the sons, have been named as trustees to assure the stability and continuity of the business. Even in their expert, Hearst-trained hands, the form and content of Hearst journalism is bound to undergo some drastic changes. A lot of editorial bombast, and a lot of ballast in the form of unprofitable enterprises, will doubtless be tossed overboard. In the end the product may well be better, and better-ordered. But it will never again be as exciting as it was in the days when the famed commands beginning "Chief suggests . . ." could set the whole huge Hearstian machine to spinning like a carousel gone wild.

AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY HEARST CALLS TO FRIENDS AS HE GAILY RIDES A MERRY-GO-ROUND—▶



MURDER IN THE OSS

MISSING MAJOR PROVIDES MOST FANTASTIC CLOAK-AND-DAGGER STORY OF ALL



J. R. HOLAHAN HAD A HUNCH



MAJOR HOLAHAN BALKED REDS



LODOLCE DENIED CONFESSION



ICARDI SAID IT WAS "ABSURD"



V. MOSCATELLI LED THE REDS

The secret files of America's wartime spy service, the OSS, bulge with the documented courage of Americans who fought World War II within the enemy's own lines. There are records of successful sabotage, of lonely drops by parachute, of 100-to-1 gambles which paid off—and of many which didn't. Most of those stories are still top secret—some may always be. But last week, a bitter 6½ years after it happened, the Defense Department lifted from secrecy another sort of OSS story. It was a fantastic cloak-and-dagger mystery: the murder of a daring U.S. major by his own American aides behind the German lines in Italy during the last winter of the war.

In the fall of 1944, when the Fascist armies still held all northern Italy, an OSS team under Major William V. Holohan parachuted to the Lake Orta region, near the Swiss border. With him were Lieut. Aldo Icardi, of Pittsburgh, and Sgt. Carlo G. LoDolce, of Rochester, N.Y., the radio operator (both at left). Their assignment was to determine which behind-the-lines partisans—the Communists led by Vincenzo Moscatelli (bottom, left) or independent bands—could best harass the Germans, and then to guide in parachute drops of munitions. Three months later, after only one airborne delivery, Lieutenant Icardi sent a message to American headquarters that Major Holohan had been lost in a German ambush. Icardi took command, immediately called for 50 drops of weapons for the partisans. The Army listed Major Holohan as "killed in action."

The war ended, Icardi came to New York and told Holohan's brother, Joseph R. Holahan, a Wall Street broker, the story of the ambush. (Because of a mixup in grammar school records, the brothers' names differed in spelling.) But for two factors, the story might have ended there. One was the persistence of a lieutenant of the Italian *carabinieri*; the other was Joseph Holahan's hunch that the story of the ambush did not ring true.

Until August 1949, Holahan had nothing to back that hunch and the Army turned a politely deaf ear. But then an Italian named Felix Bertani, who refused to explain his connection with the affair, hinted to Holahan that the major had been murdered. Holahan vainly asked Army officials to reopen the case. In Italy, meanwhile, stories of the murder of the American major spread. A lieutenant of the *carabinieri*, Elio Albieri, tracked them down and found two former partisans, Giuseppe Manini and Gualtiero Tozzini, who had been with the Americans the night of the supposed ambush. With an American CID agent, Albieri interrogated the pair until they admitted that the ambush had been a hoax perpetrated to cover up murder. Major Holohan, they said, had been poisoned and shot because he had balked the efforts of the other two Americans and the Italian partisans to bring in guns for the Communist bands in



BEFORE FATAL MISSION, Holohan, Icardi and LoDolce (left to right, rear row) were photographed with other operatives of OSS and Italian partisans.

the hills. On June 16, 1950, from the waters of Lake Orta, Albieri and his men recovered the body of Major Holohan. There were two bullet holes in the skull and two 9-mm slugs inside. The ex-partisans were charged with murder. Italian newspapers carried the story. So did the *New York Times*, but with no mention of the names of the American accomplices. But still Holohan got no satisfaction from the Defense Department. Last week, apparently spurred by the imminent publication of a story on the affair in the magazine *True*, the department finally announced that Major Holohan had, indeed, been murdered by LoDolce, Icardi and the two Italians. It had a signed confession from Lo-

Dolce describing quarrels between Holohan and the others and reconstructing the night of the slaying in the OSS hideout on Lake Orta.

"The plan to get rid of Major Holohan began in a joking way," the confession read. "... Someone would say, 'Should I send him to Switzerland without his shoes?' ... in the sense that 'Why don't you drop dead?' is used here. ... One of our two partisan attendants, Manini [Manini], brought in something ... in a piece of paper and said it was poison ... to kill the major ... things suddenly seemed to become serious. ... Manini placed some of the poison in the soup. The major was called to dinner and we all sat down to eat. ... I ... could not bring myself to look up during the meal. ... The major ... arose and left the room. ... Icardi said ... 'we'll have to make sure he doesn't live'. ... I remember Icardi tossed a coin and I called and lost ... we walked in. The major sat up and said ... 'Who is it?' I walked to the side of his bed and fired two shots."

But unlike most mysteries, the department revealed last week, the confession had not been the climax. LoDolce and Icardi had left the Army. Under U.S. law they could no longer be prosecuted by the military. And since the crime had occurred on foreign soil, no U.S. civil court had jurisdiction. LoDolce and Icardi were completely free, and a year's delay for search of the law's loopholes had not changed matters one bit.

In their own defense, LoDolce claimed innocence and repudiated his confession as "incomplete," and Icardi emphatically denied the Army's "fantastic" charge. Then a final dilemma arose. The State Department said that the pair could be extradited by Italy and stand trial there. An Italian government spokesman, however, said extradition would not be legal, though LoDolce and Icardi might be tried, *in absentia*, when the two partisans face the court this autumn. In New York, with his brother's body at long last on the way home, Joseph Holahan felt his job was done. "All I was interested in was getting the truth out," he said. "I've done that. If my government can't do anything about it, I won't."



ALBIERI (RIGHT) ESCORTS THE MAJOR'S CASKET

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These tasty, thrifty, all-pork products are Morrell quality and flavor through and through. They are all selected meats—mild-cured, tender, seasoned just right—worthy of the Morrell Pride label.



PRIDE



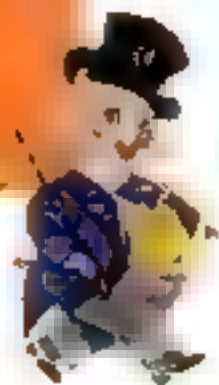
Morrell Pride Breakfast Sausage—convenient cans let you enjoy this pure pork treat all year 'round.

Morrell Pride SNACK—extra-tasty, always ready-to-serve. Thrifty and delicious, hot or cold.

Morrell Pride Chopped Ham—juicy lean ham, coarsely ground, has that delicious natural ham flavor.



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A Midsummer Day's Dream comes true in this tempting, frosty mint julep, made with Four Roses, the perfect julep whiskey. Four Roses is so superb in flavor, so supreme in quality, that it outsells every other whiskey at or above its price—in fact, even outsells most other whiskeys at any price!

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City. Blended Whiskey 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you
rather drink

Four Roses





REAL THING

The explosion was deafening. Helmet, rifles, packs and men shot up into the air and the assault boat itself rose from the water. The 4th National Guard Division maneuvers at Camp Rucker, Alabama suddenly seemed

like a scene in Korea. But instead of congratulating themselves on this realistic imitation of war, the 4th's officers alarmingly wanted to know what had gone wrong. To give the like-crossing some military verisimilitude, quarter-pound TV charges had been placed

underwater and exploded from shore as the 15-man assault boats got close to them. But one charge drifted underwater and instead of a near miss, scored a direct hit. Ten men were hurt, one (at top of picture) with a broken back. Incredibly, but happily, no one died.



CHANNEL CROSSERS English Channel swimmers were as beefy as ever when they lined up last

week, but the Channel itself was uncommonly calm—so calm that an unprecedented 18 out of 20 swimmers in the press-sponsored race finished.



CAN-CAN GREETERS For a while this summer the welcome the troops got in Seattle was like their

wildest foxhole dreams come true. There were hula dancers and prancing can-can girls at the dockside. Then Seattle's moralists protested and



LILY PULLERS Twenty years ago a well-meaning lily fancier decided to beautify Broadlawn Lake, Okla.



The lilies she planted spread so quickly that present residents could hardly swim or boat. So last week they had a community lily pull. Although Prest-



Egyptian entrants were ordered to win the race and one of them did—250-pound Hassan Hamad (*sixth from right*). Next day patriotic Hassan

Hamad joined two fellow Egyptians in flinging back to the English the \$4,200 they had won. Reason: English papers had insulted King Farouk.



sponsors called off the can-can, but this month it came back (*left*) and the dock echoed to whistles and howls of arriving GIs. In Japan, hospitable

Japanese dancing girls came down to the docks to give Americans a formal welcome. To arriving airmen it was a wholesome try—but it wasn't Seattle.



dent W. A. Wilson of the Broadlawn Lake Association just floated with his cigar and at least one lily puller found Jessamy Hines (*LIFE's* cover, Dec.



20, 1948) more attractive than the lilies, the pull was a great social success. By dusk 40 people and a dog (*center*) had de-lilyfied most of the lake.

PEOPLE THEY TURN UP IN STRANGE PLACES, FAR AWAY FROM HOME, DOING THE STRANGEST THINGS



EMIR FAISAL Saudi Arabian prince, in England, mounted an RAF jet fighter instead of an Arabian steed.



ATTLEE Mrs. Clement, ankle deep in the snow in Norway, was playfully heaving snowball—at prime minister, perhaps.



STASSEN Harold E., Pennsylvania University president, was in Munich, releasing anti-Red propaganda balloons.



BEVAN Aneurin, left-wing British Laborite who recently quit the Attlee cabinet in a policy dispute, was in Yugoslavia with his wife, Author Jennie Lee, chatting across the table with Marshal Tito.



LODGE John Davis, usually found in governor's office in Hartford, Conn., was striking an attractive pose with his wife, daughters and Swiss guards at Castel Gandolfo after an audience with Pius XII.



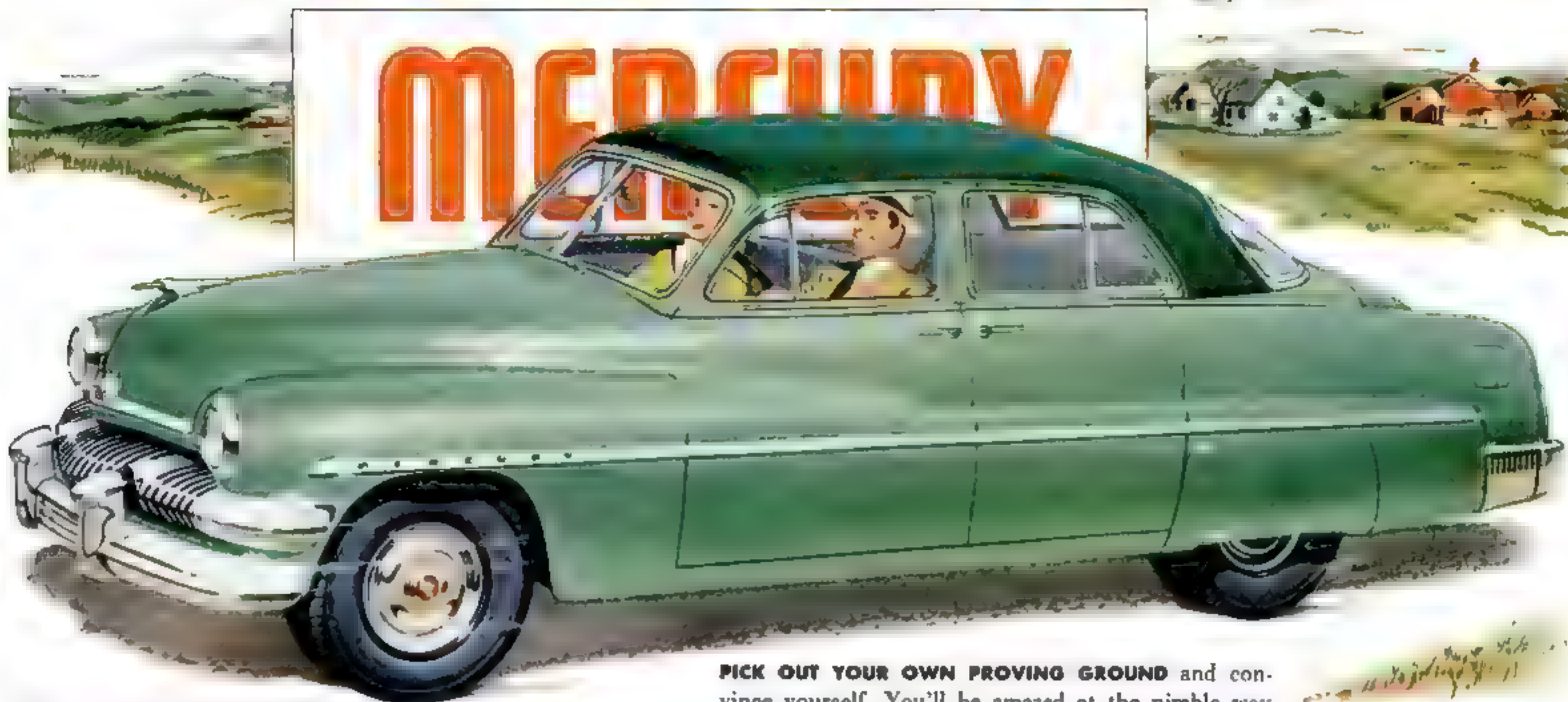
ROSENBERG Mrs. Anna M., the assistant secretary of defense, in Europe studying Western mobilization manpower problems, turned up with CIs of the 2nd Armored Division at Heidelberg.



DEWEY Thomas E., far away from the governor's desk in Albany, N.Y., was reviewing a squad of British-directed, long-haired Ibans who track down Reds in the jungles of the Federation of Malaya.

①

Road Test It!



Standard equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.

PICK OUT YOUR OWN PROVING GROUND and convince yourself. You'll be amazed at the nimble way Mercury needles its way through the heaviest traffic—at the ease with which it irons out the bumpiest road. And when it comes to great performance, there's nothing like it on the road. Yes, you really have to drive this great car—put it through its paces—to convince yourself. Drive a Mercury and drive a bargain!

②

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UPKEEP

You save money year after year. Mercury's stamina keeps repairs at a rock bottom low

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Mercurys keep their value. Used-car market reports prove it. Ask your dealer to show you.

VALUE

Solid value, say Mercury owners! So will you when you get the story from your dealer!

MAKE THE

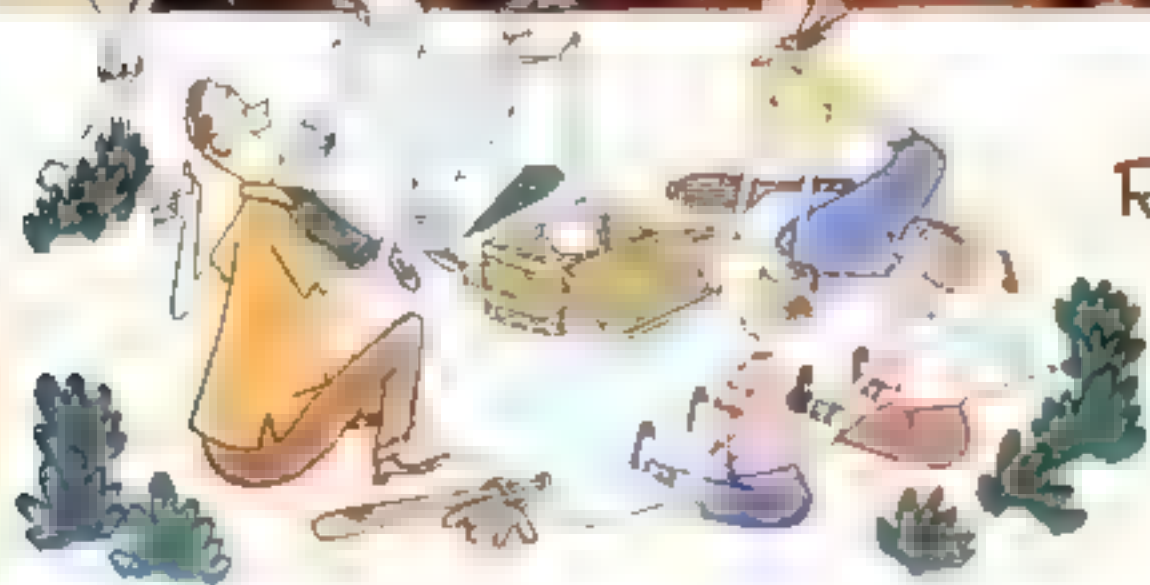
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life!"

3-WAY CHOICE! For "the drive of your life!" Mercury now proudly makes available a triple choice in transmissions. Merc-O-Matic Drive, the new simpler, smoother, more efficient automatic transmission—or thrifty Touch-O-Matic Overdrive are optional of extra cost. There's also silent-ease standard transmission.

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Ready-to-serve Heinz Beans are a picnic for the cook, too!

● There's a holiday for the *homemaker* with Heinz Beans on the menu. Add sandwiches, a salad and cold cuts, and you have great eating—indoors or out! Your grocer has three savory kinds of Heinz Beans, in tomato sauce with pork, in tomato sauce, vegetarian style; and Boston style, with pork and molasses.



from the Home-Baked Kind!

**Tender To Their Very Hearts—Steeped In
Rich, Delectable Sauces—Heinz Beans Have
An Unmistakable Homemade Flavor! That's
Why So Many Thousands Of Good Cooks
Turn To Heinz Chefs For Baked Beans!**

TAKE ONE BITE of Heinz Beans and you instantly know that such deep-down, nutty richness—such mouth-watering mellowness *through and through*—are achieved only by oven-baking! And Heinz Beans have extra flavor, too. That's because baked beans are thirsty beans, so they drink up plenty of the spicy home-recipe sauces with which they're so generously drenched!

● **Summer's the season** to cut down kitchen hours, but *not* the flavor and nourishment of your meals! So serve fully prepared Heinz Oven-Baked Beans for a hot-weather dish that's time saving and *tasty*!



*Let the mellow magic of Heinz
Vinegar glorify your salads!*

● You select the finest fruits and vegetables and garden-crisp greens for your salads—so be sure your vinegar's the best, too! Insist on *Heinz* Vinegar. Every drop is uniform in strength! In fact, all four Heinz Vinegars—Cider, Malt, Tarragon, Distilled White—are so full flavored they go further!



You know they're good because they're Heinz!



*We've been puttin' up
prize pickles since 1869!*

● When most folks think of pickles, they think of *Heinz*! For 82 years, we've been putting up fine pickles—using rare spices, Heinz Vinegar and pedigreed cucumbers. Ask for Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, Heinz India Relish and other favorites.



*Heinz packs baby's vegetables in
America's garden spots!*



● Heinz kitchens are located where sun, soil and rain produce the finest crops. That's one reason why Heinz Baby Foods are finer in flavor—fresher in color—high in vitamins and minerals! Doctors everywhere recommend the complete line of Heinz Baby Foods—including Cereals, Vegetables, Meat Products, Fruits and Desserts.

PROVED OVER AND OVER IN THE POOREST RECEPTION AREAS

GE Black Daylite Television

Look at the difference . . .



Where local interference overwhelms reception the picture is often blurred, unsteady full of "snow"



GE Black-Daylite TV is built to overcome interference give you a sharply defined undistorted picture.

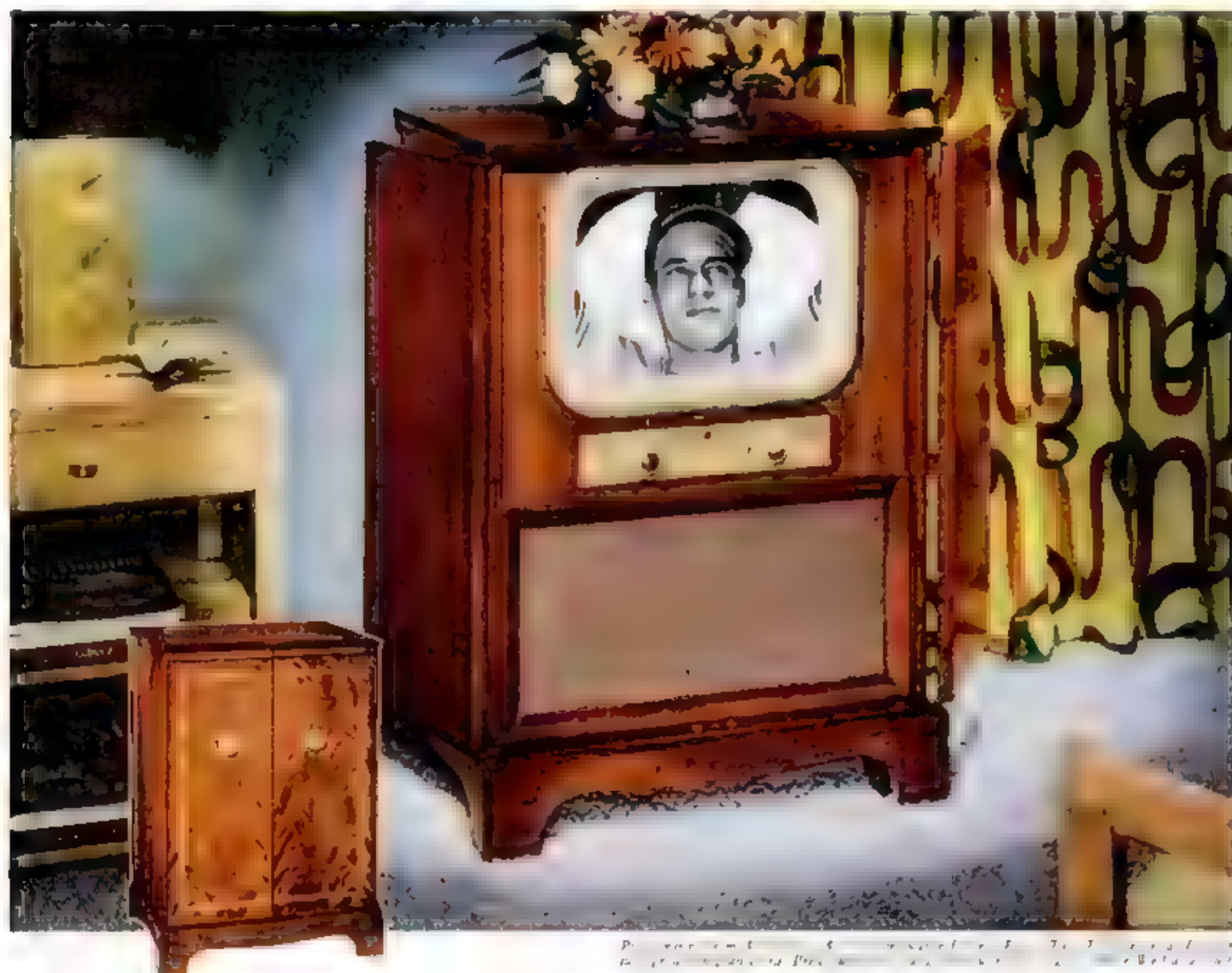
DELIVERS THE FINEST PICTURE!

● Despite big hills, tall buildings or so-called weak signals and local interference you can now enjoy consistently finer television reception. Own the television set that's built to overpower interference regardless of where you live . . . a General Electric! Through side-by-side showdown comparisons . . . in isolated valleys, far from a transmitter . . . amid the man-made interference of throbbing Manhattan . . . wherever TV meets its toughest tests . . . GE Black-Daylite Television gives the stand-out picture, unexcelled performance.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.



BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION



Eye-Catching Beauty



Your GE cabinet— in design in craftsmanship, in fine woods— adds one more touch of elegance to your well-planned home.

True-touch Tuning— for ear and eye



With your GE a single control automatically gives you the best sound with the best picture. So easy it's child's play.

Moves Easy as You Please



Concealed swivel casters make it easy to move your GE Console. Swing it any way you like for viewing or easy cleaning.

Great GE Chassis The heart of your GE set!



This miracle of engineering—the inside story behind the clear steady picture that GE Black-Daylite Television gives you.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



© 1951, General Electric Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



A TEST CAR STRIKES THE NEW GUARD RAIL, LURCHES, IS HELD SAFE

SAFE SHOULDER

New highway railing holds swerving cars to road

The first two pictures in the sequence above have all the makings of a nasty accident. At Hamden, Conn. an auto going 60 miles an hour swerved at a 25-degree angle into a highway safety railing. But instead of careening over the fence the car was forced back onto the road (*bottom photo*) and guided safely on its way. The near-disaster was part of a show put on for state highway officials by the makers of the safety railing, a new type of shoulder guard whose curved construction (*p. 44*) was designed to help careless motorists straighten out and drive right.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Part of the American way of growing up!



"Growing up" the American Way is the *best* way—the joyful, happy, loving way! We folks at Iwanta are thankful for our privilege of helping tots to grow to teens—providing never-to-be-forgotten **THRILLS** for millions of youngsters from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Land O' Lakes to the Pan-

handle Country. We're not just giving them garments, but smiles, good looks, and style. Giving their Mothers and Dads a feeling of **PRIDE** and a sense of economy through Iwanta's higher quality and longer wear at popular prices. That, too, is part of the American Way!



Good stores everywhere feature this label on:

- Creepers
- Baby Suits
- Play Togs
- Gowns
- Pajamas
- Boys' Shirts
- Knit Suits, Poles

Regent Company, Inc. • 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

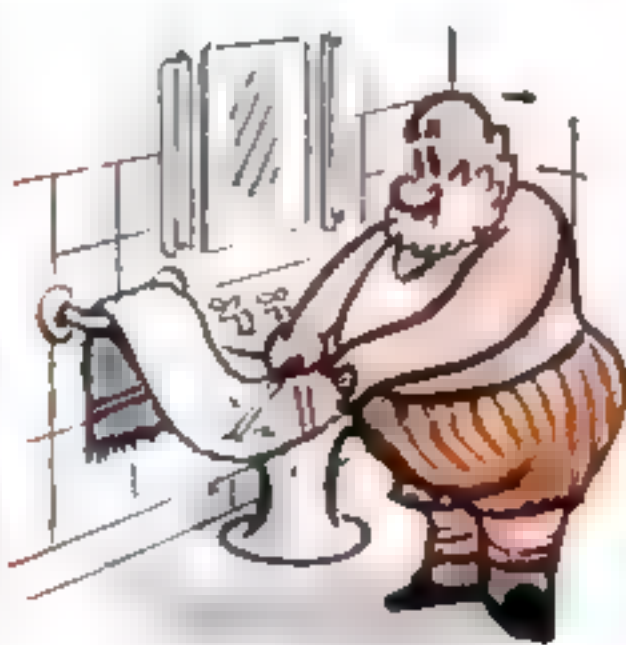
HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



Can you make corsages last longer with—

- ☐ An eraser ☐ A sprinkler

You can save losing a corsage—if you push a tiny pencil eraser on the end of the pin. And if you're allergic to posies—use Kleenex tissues to soothe hay fever sniffles, curb sneezes. Extra soft (through a special process)! Dependably sturdy! And test after test proves Kleenex free from lint; so this tissue won't aggravate sore noses.



How to help bath towels stay like new?

- ☐ Iron them ☐ Buy a Serv-a-Tissue box

After laundering, shake out bath towels and rub together when dry. Keeps them fluffy, soft. (Ironing roughens them.) To protect your towels from razor-ruin—have hubby use Kleenex instead! Keep that handy Serv-a-Tissue box within his reach—and he'll always have a soft, strong Kleenex tissue at his fingertips. Saves time, towels!



To foil a dripping faucet, should you—

- ☐ Try a cork ☐ Attach a string
☐ Turn up the radio ☐ Count sheep

Can't sleep for that "bloop-bleep"? Tie a string on the faucet; water slides down silently. And see how Kleenex saves your nerves—for with Kleenex you pull one double tissue at a time (not a handful), and the next pops up, ready for use. No fumbling, no waste. Saves you money. Only Kleenex has this "saving" pop-up feature!



What's best to limber up the meat grinder?

- ☐ Chicken bones ☐ Bacon grease
☐ Solid oil

Bulky meat grinders get back on the job—when you dose 'em with salad oil. Keeps the food taste-worthy, too. Speaking of grinders, there's not a smidgen of ground wood in Kleenex! It's a pure tissue. Perfectly uniform: always the same top quality. That's why you'll find your Kleenex free from weak spots... hard particles!

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

* U.S. PAT. OFF.

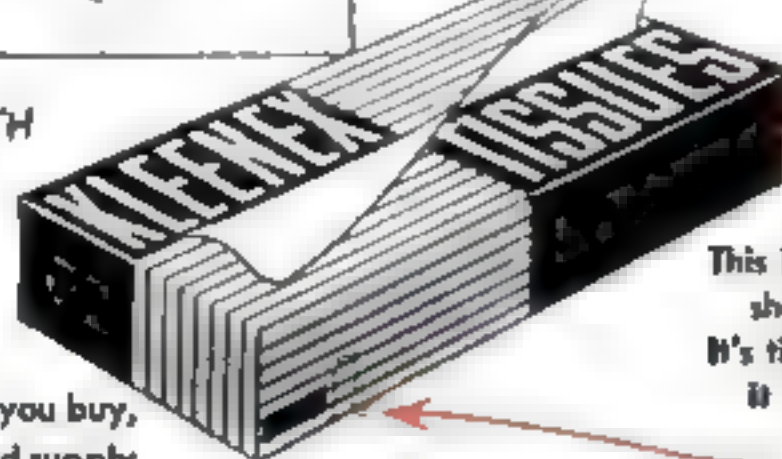
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



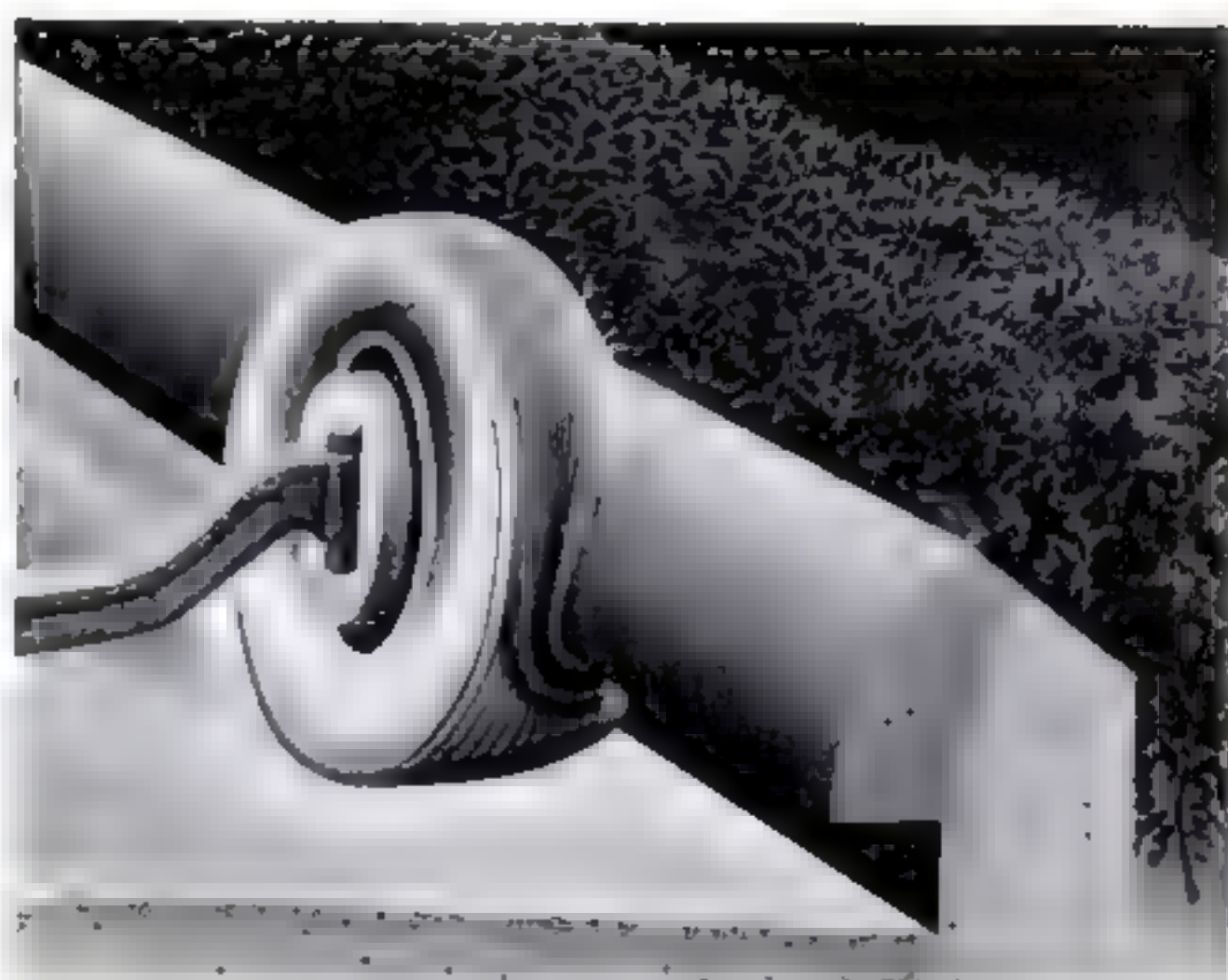
3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



This Kleenex "window" shows you when it's time to order it again

Get several boxes when you buy. You'll always have a good supply

Safe Shoulder CONTINUED



SAFETY SECRETS of new guard rail are its overhanging lip and curved, smooth face. The manufacturers claim that upon impact the lip squeezes tire firmly against road, preventing upset, while the upper section corrects swerve.



CHECKING DAMAGE, Test Driver Richard Baldwin finds only one lost hubcap and some scraped paint. The concrete rails, which are prefabricated at a delivered cost of \$3.50 a foot, are being used experimentally in eight states.

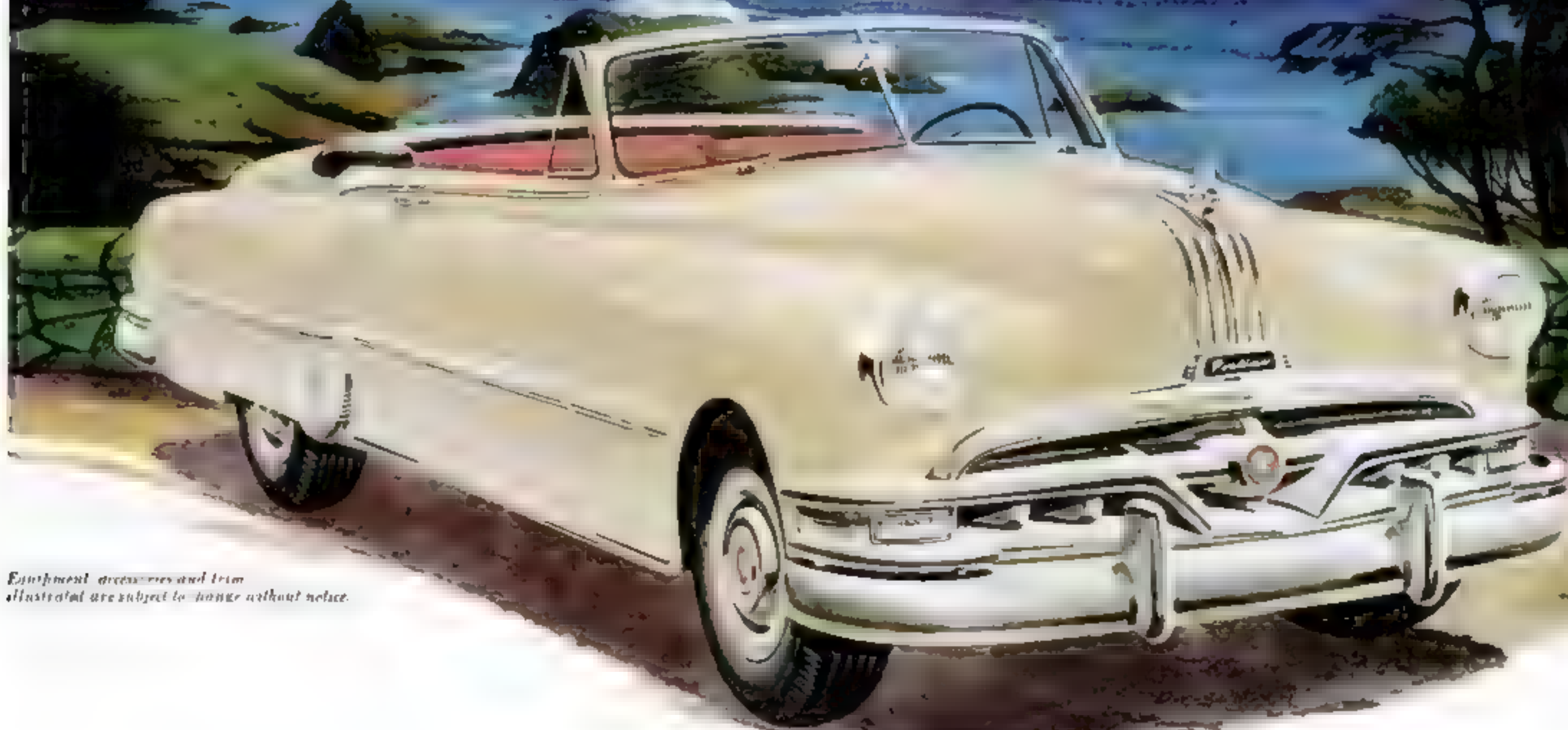


60-MILE-AN-HOUR CRASH, from a 42-degree approach, whipped second test car's rear wheel into the railing and snapped the front axle, but the car stayed upright. Highway officials were impressed but made no commitments.



Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a

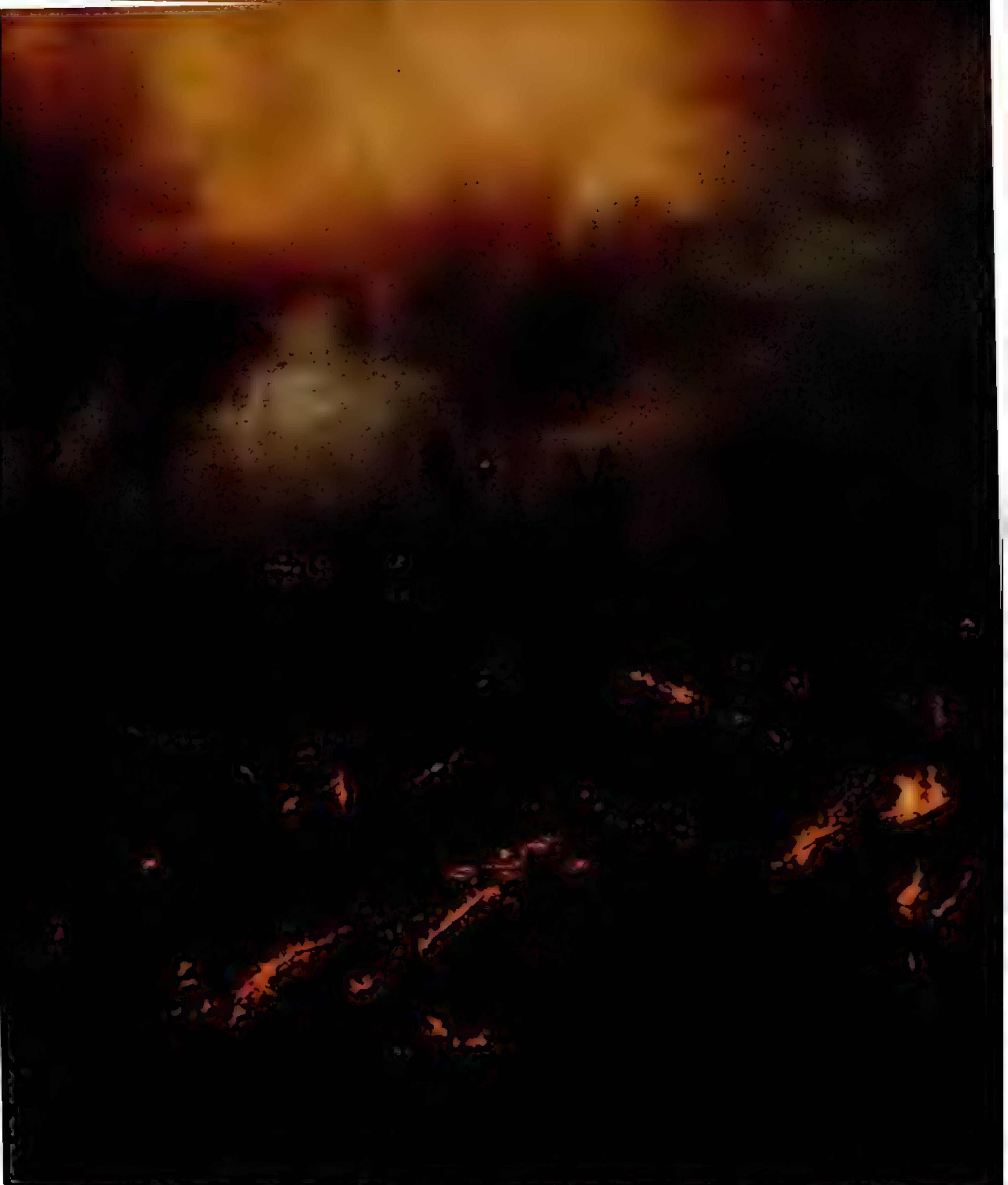
Pontiac



Equipment, accessories and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.

Wonderful—in Sunlight or Moonlight!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



A FOREST AFLAME

The first days of August were hot enough everywhere, but in Modoc County, Calif., they had both the temperature and appearance of hell. A huge forest fire roared through the stands of pine,

leaving some trees spectral sentinels, toppling others to the ground where they burned to red-hot embers. Some 1,000 fire fighters slowed the blaze, but not until 25,000 acres were destroyed.



FIRE LANE, 40 miles long, is cut by loggers to confine blaze. Flames from burning pine stump will not spread because underbrush has been cleared away.



SLOP-OVER BLAZE threatens to leap fire lane at night. Flames devoured vast deer-feeding area; 5,400 must be killed or moved in fall for herd to survive.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Television's *Mr. Big*

BIG in picture . . . giant 19" tube!
BIG in quality . . . it's RCA VICTOR!
BIG in value . . . it's Million Proof!



19-inch RCA Victor Hillsdale makes any room a room with a view! Lovely Traditional cabinet in walnut, mahogany or limed oak finish. Has phono-jack for record changer like the popular "Victrola" 45 attachment. RCA Victor 9T126.

• There's a BIG difference, too, in television performance. That's why it pays to insist on RCA Victor—with quality already proven in millions of homes. RCA Victor's new picture-pickup gives you the best possible "Big picture" performance.

Your RCA Victor dealer has Million Proof television in this 19-inch or in 17- and 14-inch tube sizes. Stop in and see how little it costs to own the best!

And remember—only RCA Victor owners can buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract for expert installation and maintenance. Buy it with your set. If you already own an RCA Victor set without this protection, call the RCA Service Company for a maintenance contract now.

Tune in "The Private Files of Rex Saunders" with Rex Harrison on the NBC radio network. Consult your newspaper for day and time.



19-inch RCA Victor York . . . Television's top table model. Has phono-jack for record changer. Console base, at slight extra cost, stores changer and records. Choice of finishes including limed oak. RCA Victor 9T105.

"Victrola" "T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR
Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

Which is really Alan Ladd?

STARRING IN THE HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION "Red Mountain"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR, A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

(See answer below)



world famous **AUTO-LITE** Spark Plugs give you
SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE
...QUICK STARTS



Auto-Lite Standard Spark Plugs offer unsurpassed quality and have long been recognized for their unbeatable performance.

THEY really look alike, don't they? Yes, it's easy to be fooled—with spark plugs as well as movie stars. So for smoother performance and quick starts, replace worn-out spark plugs with world-famous Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Both are ignition engineered and both are specified as original equipment on many leading makes of America's finest cars.

If you know your movie stars, you'll know Alan Ladd, starring in The Hal Wallis Production "Red Mountain," a Paramount production, is the man shown at the left. At the right is handsome Louis Bisogni of Bronx, New York. And if you know spark plugs you'll see your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, because "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."

Tune in "Suspense" . . . CBS Radio Mondays . . . CBS Television Tuesdays



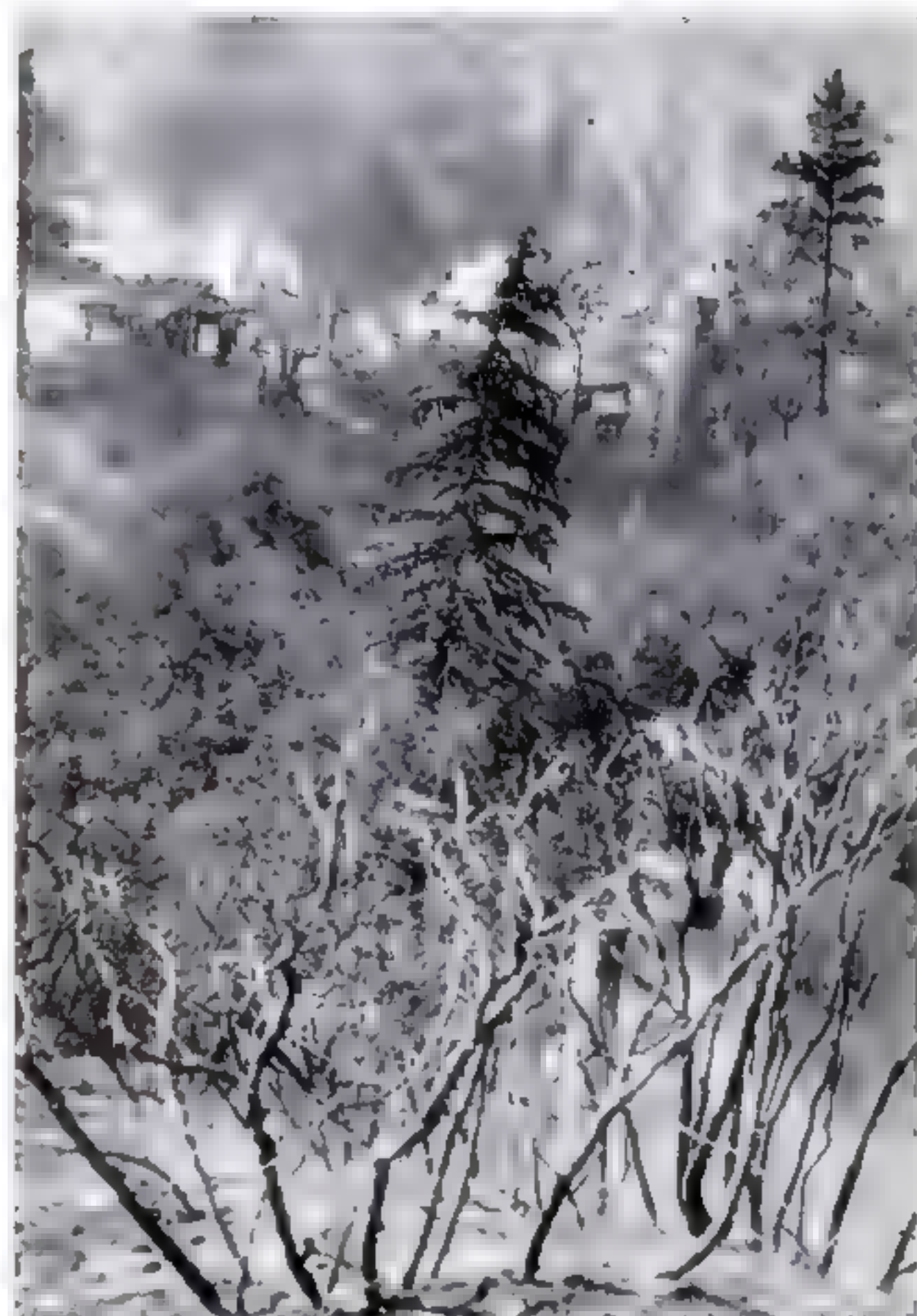
Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs offer greater gas savings plus benefits found only in automotive type spark plugs with built-in resistors.

AUTO-LITE
SPARK PLUGS "Ignition Engineered"

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

Forest Fires CONTINUED

OTHER AREAS GO UP IN SMOKE



GUTTED HOUSES and charred underbrush were left in wake of another August blaze which swept Eagle Rock Hills, on the outskirts of Los Angeles.



JINKED FOREST in Oregon, called "Tillamook Burn," has had bad blaze every six years since 1933. A logger surveys the smoldering trees after 1951 fire.



Pleasant Moments in sports

BY BOB CONSIDINE

BASEBALL HAS KNOWN a great many so-called "characters." But the zaniest of them all was Edward "Rube" Waddell, who pitched for the Athletics in the early 1900's.

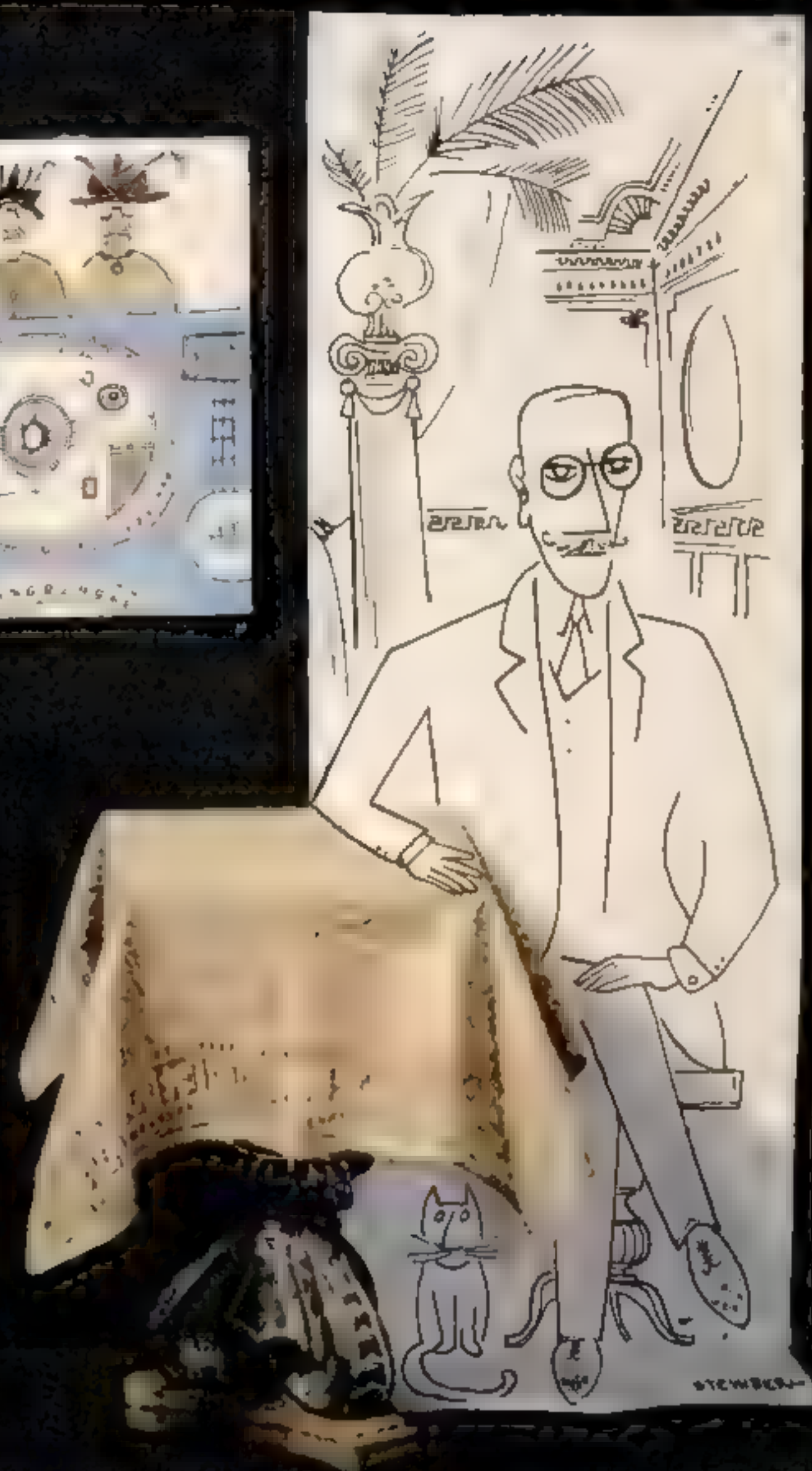
"Rube" liked to call in the outfielders while he fanned a batter just to show he could do it. One day in 1902, in an exhibition game where league rules were not enforced, "Rube" pulled his wackiest stunt. In the last half of the ninth, he sent all the players off the field, leaving only the catcher behind the plate. Then, with magnificent arrogance, Waddell struck out the next three men on nine pitches! "Rube" was a "character," but he was also a great champion!

for your Pleasant Moments

TONIGHT, for your Pleasant Moments, treat yourself and your friends to the "champion of whiskies"—finer, milder PM! Today, tomorrow, *every time* you taste it, you can count on the *uniform lightness and smoothness* that have made PM Preferred by Millions.



ask for **PM**
tonight



SELF-PORTRAIT WITH WIFE finds a two-dimensional Steinberg sitting sternly at a real table beside a real Hedda Sterne and a well behaved, linear cat.

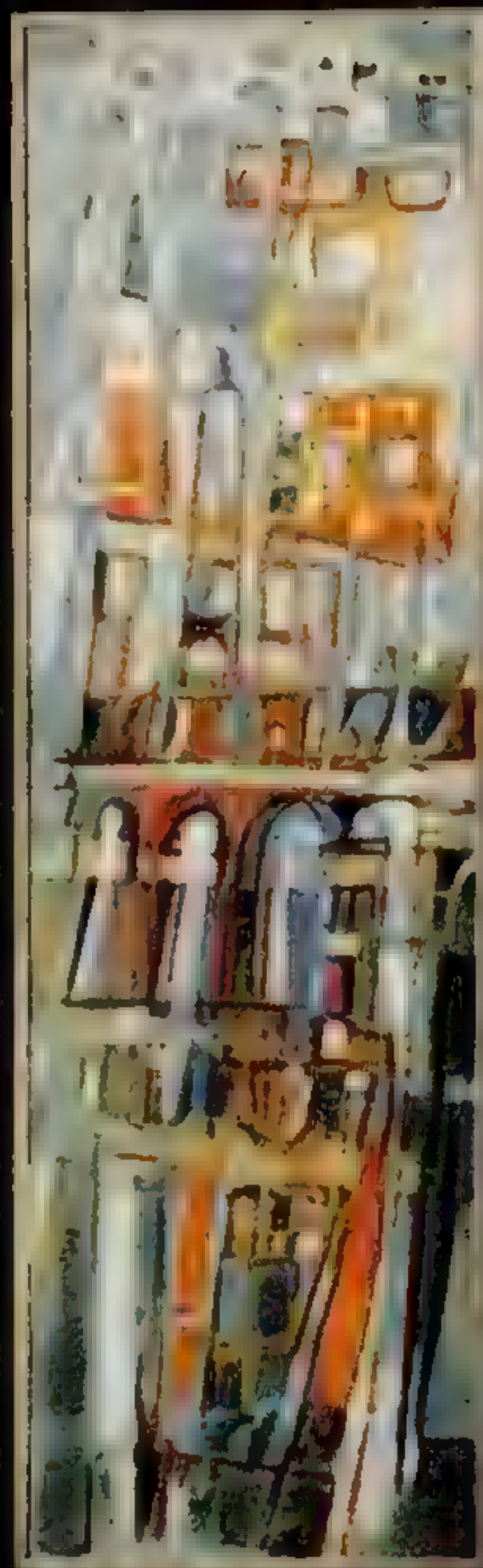
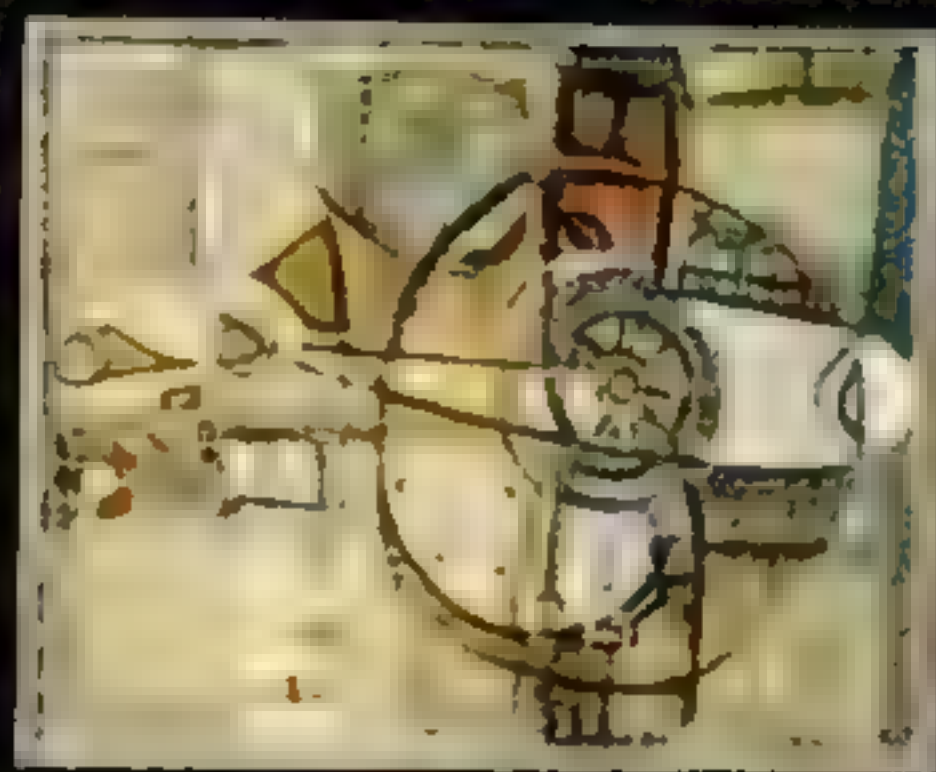
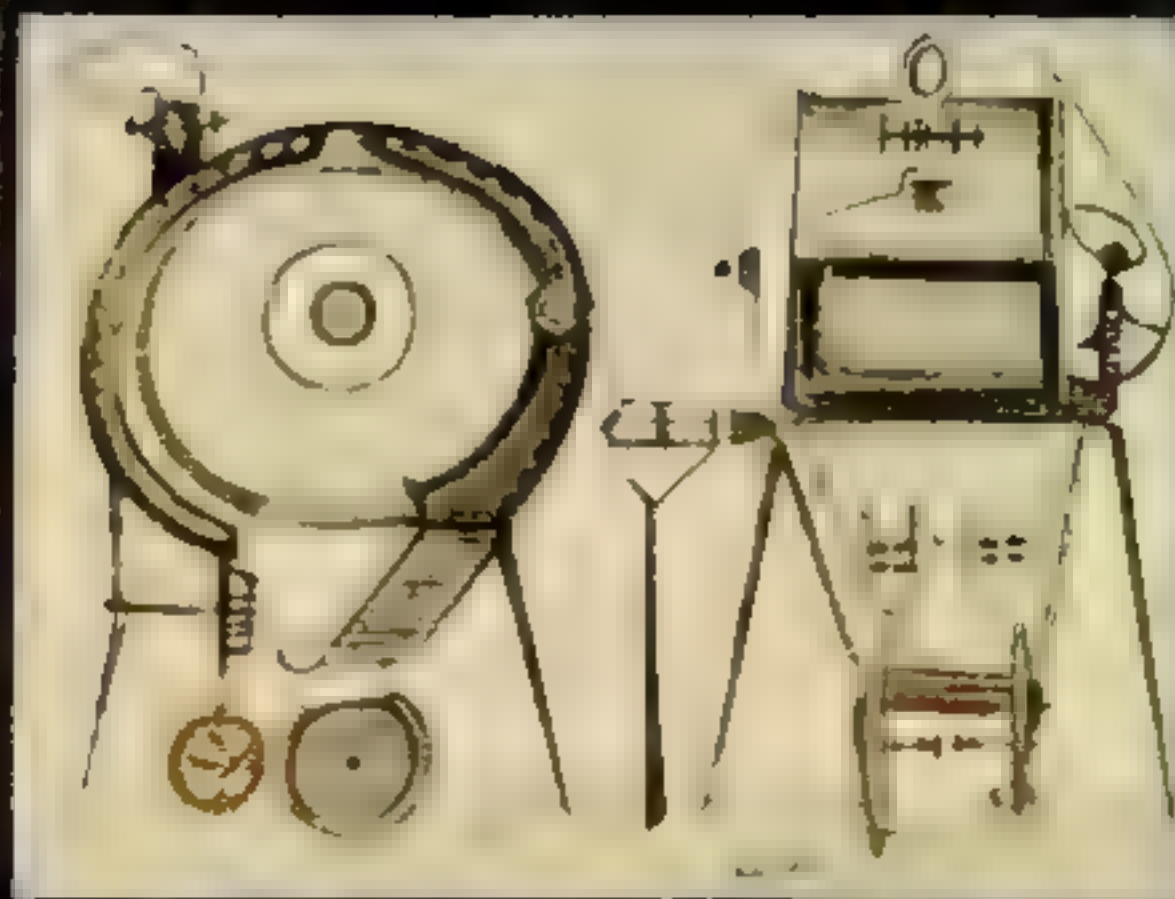
On wall at left are Steinberg drawings of "important people" with heads made of leaves (top left) of ladies gambling (center right) in la "mysterious woman" (bottom right).

Steinberg and Sterne

ROMANIAN-BORN CARTOONIST AND ARTIST-WIFE

AMBUSH THE WORLD WITH PEN AND PAINTBRUSH

In Bucharest 20 years ago a young man named Saul Steinberg announced he was going to become an architect. In the same city a young lady named Hedda Sterne announced she was going to become an architect. The young man promptly went to Italy to study architecture. The young lady promptly changed her name and went to Vienna to study sculpture. Ten years later in New York the Romanians met for the first time, not long after were married.



bath tub (bottom, left) On wall at right are Hedda Sterne's impressions of America with its complex constructions and machines which, though man made, are super-

human in power and scale. Clockwise from left: city at night, mechanical inventions, New York-Skyscraper, structures of First Avenue and an airport (center)

Steinberg's inclination for drawing had developed at an early age while watching a neighborhood forger draw artful facsimiles of stamps and labels. In Milan, Steinberg spent so much time cartooning that it took him seven years to get his degree. When he left Italy in 1941 his cartoons were famous. By the time Steinberg and his prize-to-be met in New York, he was attached to the OSS as a somewhat out-of-the-ordinary naval officer who stamped his under-

wear SECRET, taught the Chinese how to wiggle their ears and spent his spare time drawing cartoons of gentle but ingenious whimsicality. Hedda Sterne learned to paint even before she could write, did stage designs, studied dancing. When Steinberg met her, she had just gone back to painting. Since then she has moved steadily to the forefront of U.S. abstractionists, last year was singled out as one of our most promising young painters (LIFE, March 20, 1950)

As artists the Steinbergs pursue their separate ways. Saul goes to his studio every morning where "sometimes I just lie down." Hedda works in their apartment amid pebbles and firemen's hats. Both are fascinated by the U.S.; he by the habits of people; she by machines and towering structures. Both want to create a new picture of America, but not the same picture. Says Hedda, "I am getting rid of images." Says Saul, "I am unfit to do anything not funny."

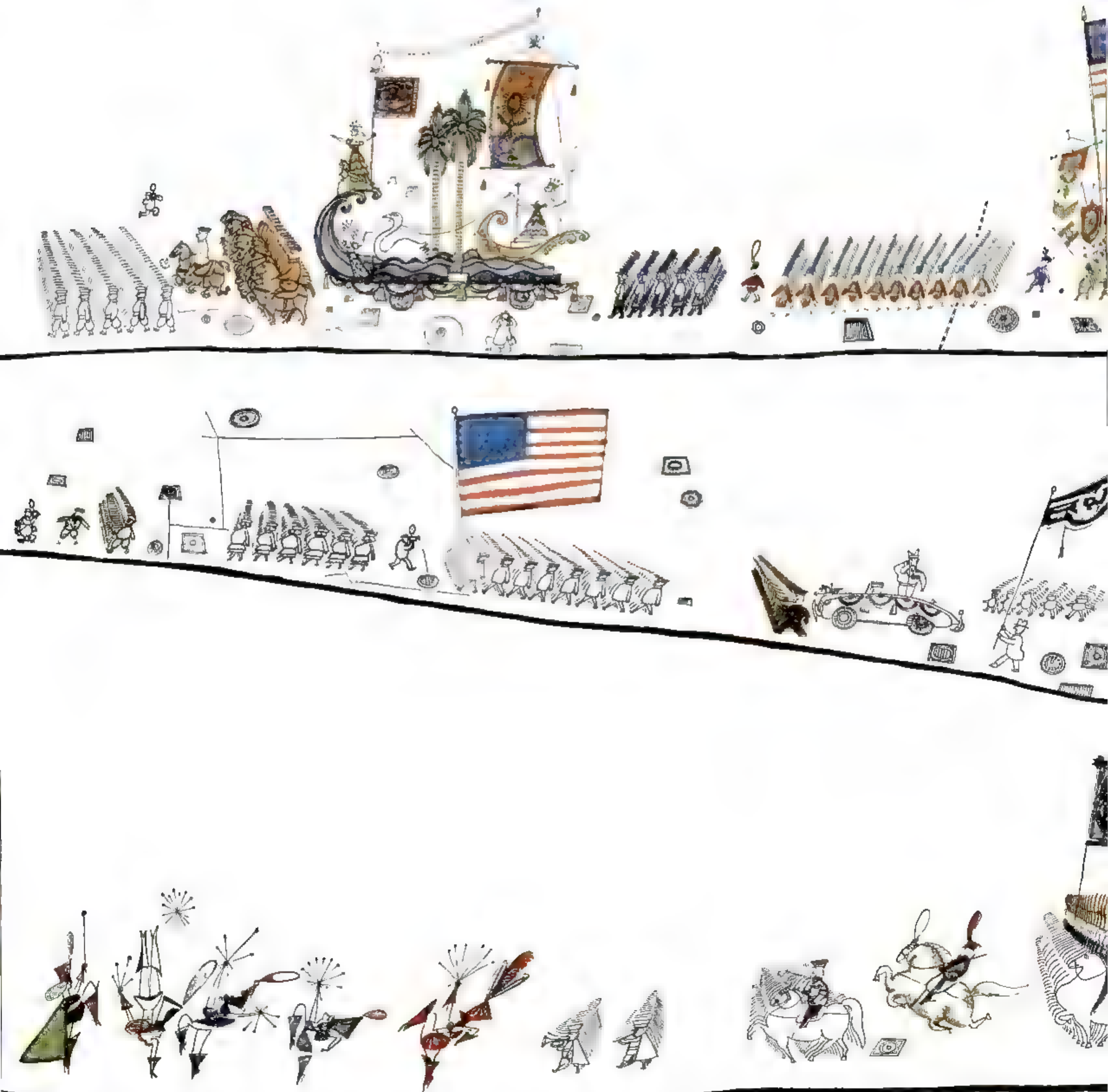
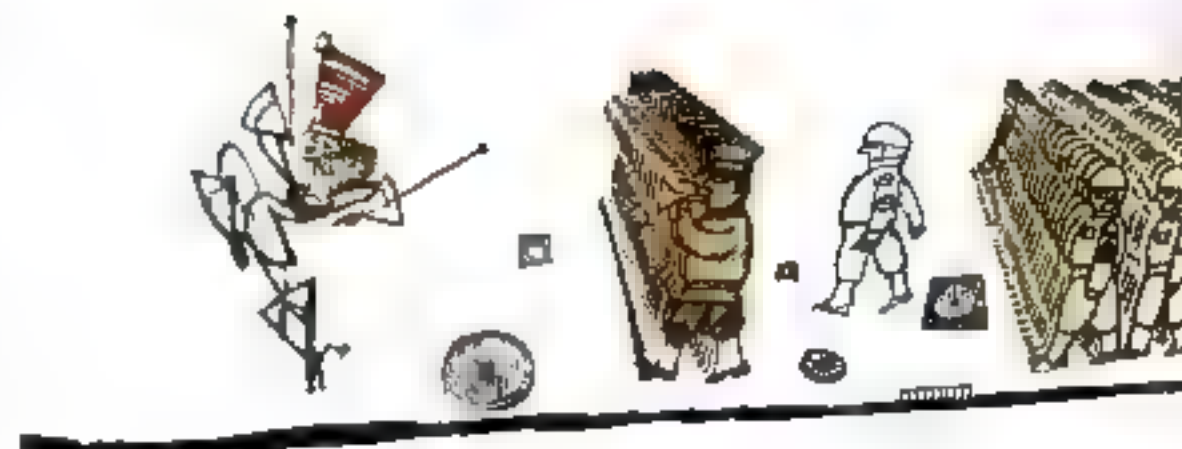
STEINBERG AND STERNE CONTINUED

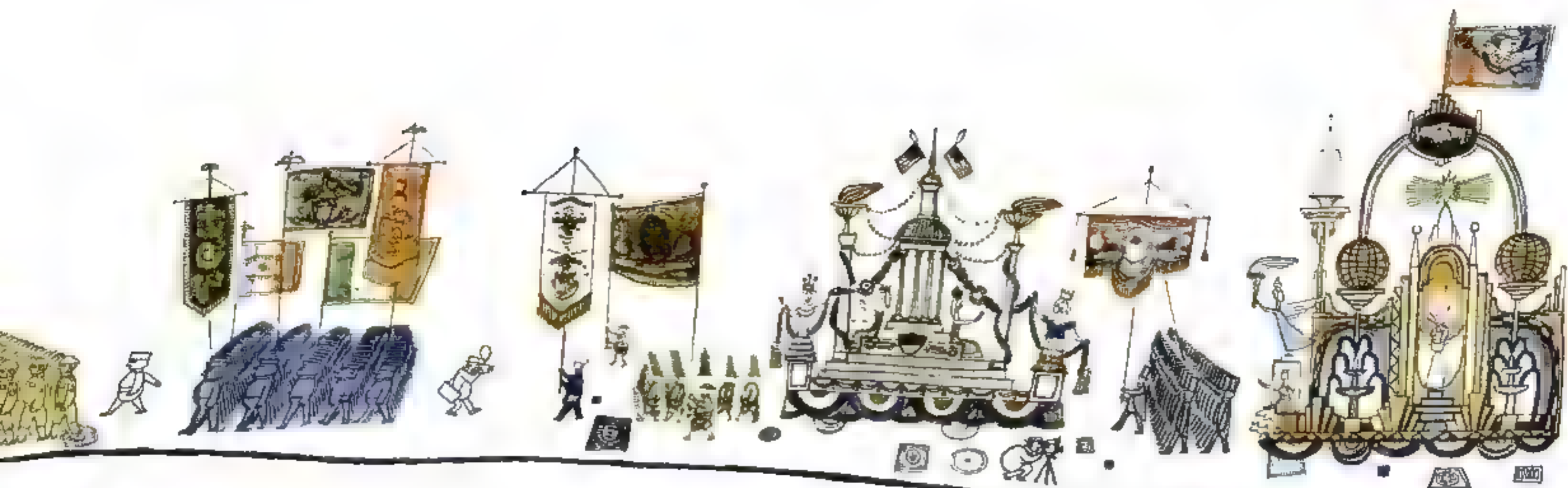
THE END IS NOT IN SIGHT



STEINBERG IN ROUND

While Steinberg was at large in California last year, he watched a gala procession of Shriners marching through the streets of San Francisco. This event launched the latest and what threatens to be the greatest Steinberg opus, a nonstop panorama of the American Parade. Actually Steinberg has been a parade addict for years, admits he knows them all "by heart" but inevitably finds himself holding down a curbside position when the flags go by. "It gives me an excuse to be staring at people." So far Steinberg has completed 25 feet of the Parade (reproduced on these pages), with special attention to allegorical floats. He plans to branch out into all kinds of paraders—politicians, veterans, "organized women," Masons—and he expects the Parade to go on, through hail and cyclones, "forever."







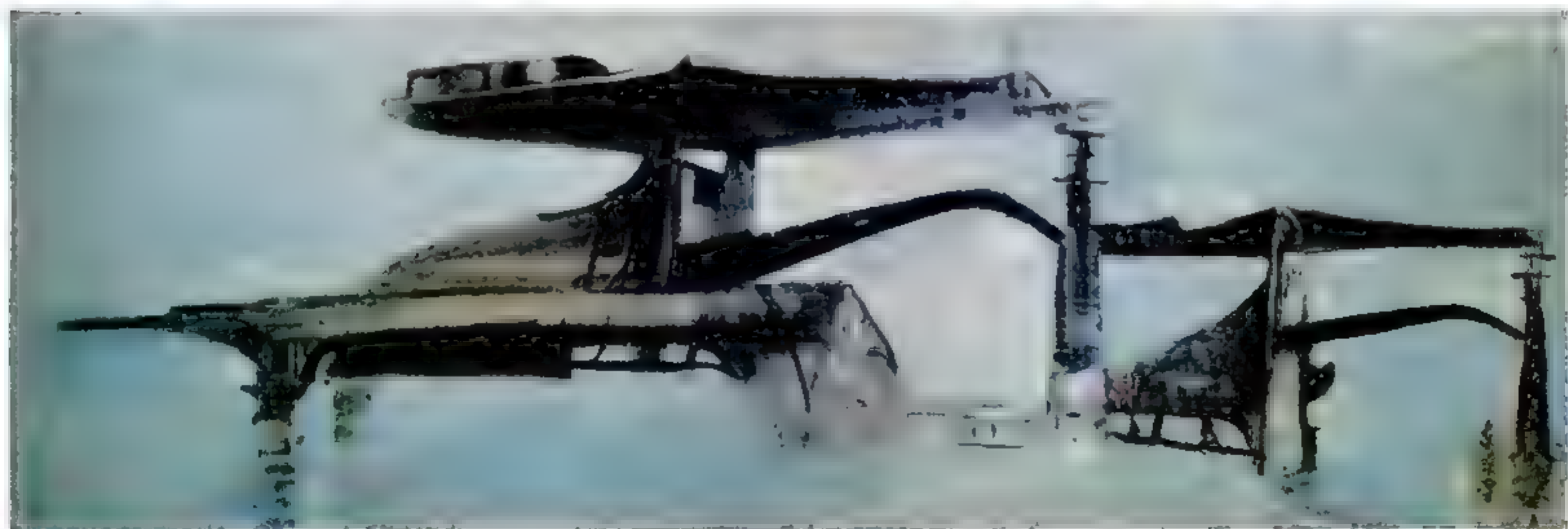
FLIVVER of uncertain vintage appears as specter of its former self. Miss Sterne, who is fond of such antiques, made drawings of old models, then painted this "from memory of a vision."

HEDDA STERNE PAINTS MYSTERY OF MACHINES

Although Hedda Sterne went to an academic art school in Bucharest, she was "always friendly" with the cubists and other groups who were developing new approaches to art. Later, when she came to New York, she was so impressed by the vast proportions of the city, its mechanized power and bewildering contours that she felt she too must develop a personal means of expressing these new forms and forces. Turning away from more feminine themes, Miss Sterne tackled such subjects as engineering projects and battleships, airports and city streets. Instead of painting literal images, she tried to convey the looming strength of pylons and girders, the intricate relationships of mechanical parts, the speed and glare of city traffic. Her fascination with mechanical creations stems almost entirely from her contact with America where, she says, "there is a mystical trust in machines. In other days we prayed for rain. Now we send up airplanes to make it." To Miss Sterne there is a quality of mystery about the machines which do such superhuman things, and she tries to inject that quality into her pictures. "If there were no mystery," she says, "I could not paint."



WARSHIP in New York harbor was done as an enigmatic structure because it reminded artist of a barbaric totem pole created to scare away evil.



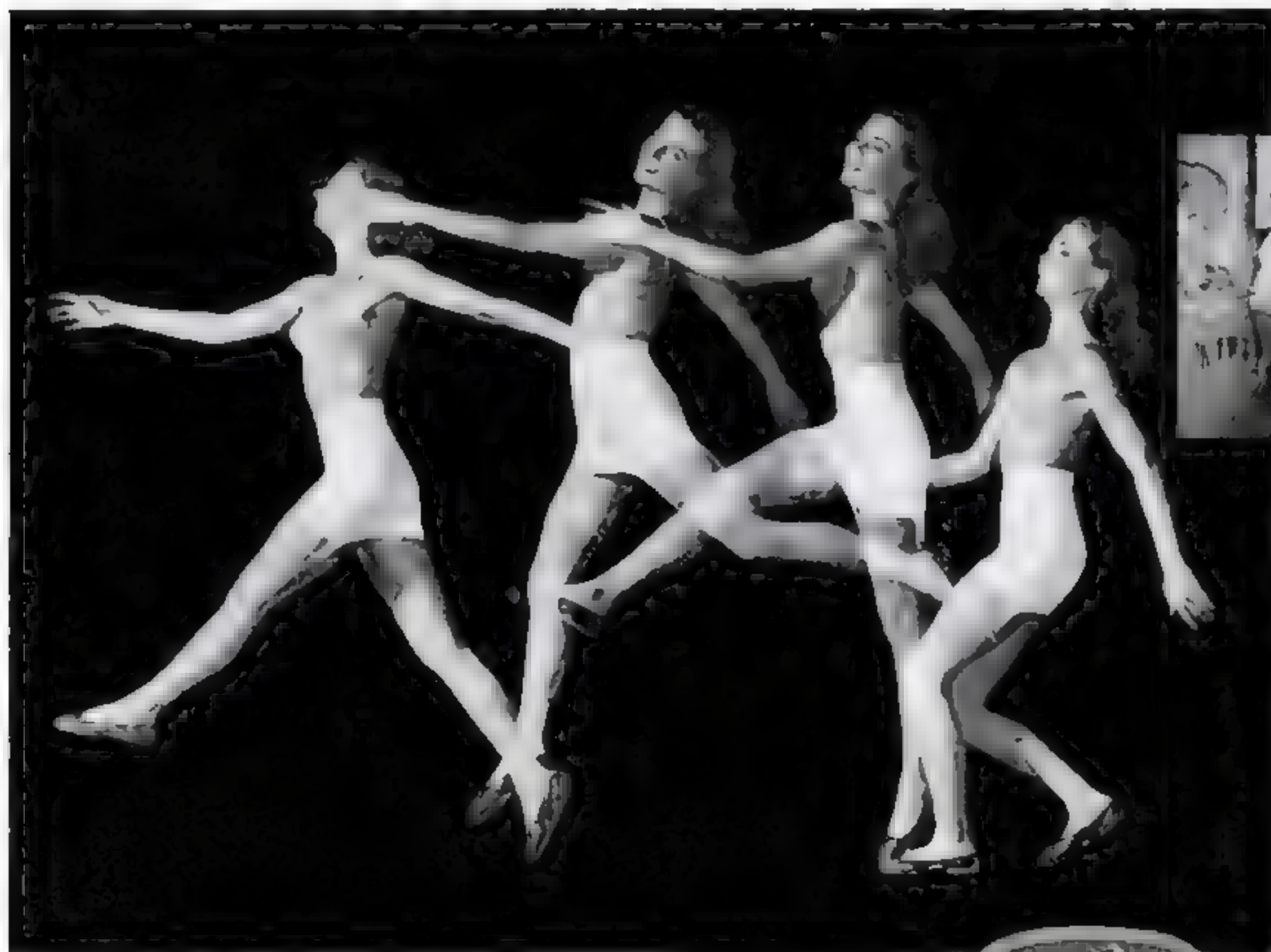
CONSTRUCTION which has no real life counterpart was invented by Hedda Sterne after observing the buildings and bridges along the East River near her

home. To emphasize the strangeness of structural shapes of today, she created effect of bridges and elevated highways which span vast areas but really lead nowhere.

Italy's Great Designers are in the Fashion News!

Top Italian Couturiers Join
Famous French and American
Designers in their Praise
of the

New Playtex® *Fab-lined* Girdle



FROM ROME AND MILAN come brilliant new fashions—with an Italian flair. And top Italian designers have been quick to join famous couturiers of other nations in their enthusiasm over the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle. "It makes such a wonderful change in the figure," they say. Secret of the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle is its figure-slimming power, freedom of action, and the extra comfort of cloud-soft fabric next to the skin. At stores everywhere, in the SLIM, shiny tube \$5.95 and \$6.95. (Other Playtex girdles, from \$3.95.)

Prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries



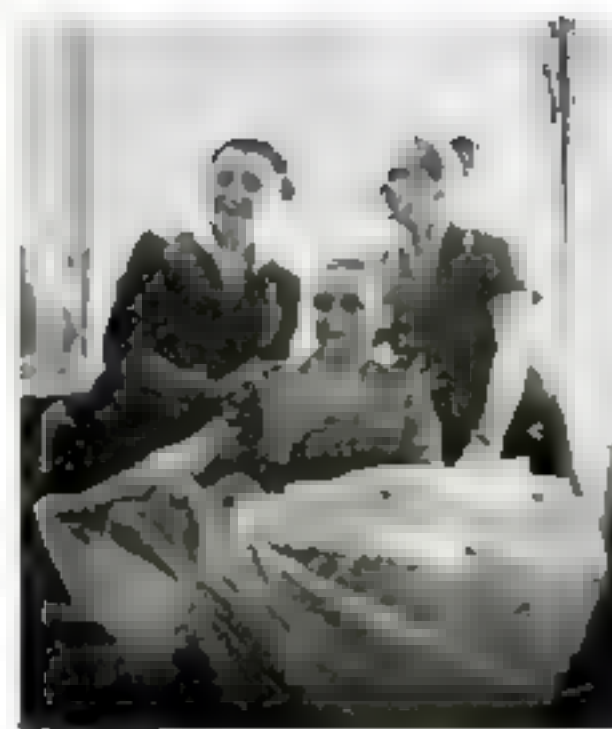
ON TV.

Playtex presents ARIENE FRANCIS in *Fashion Magic*. Top entertainment, CBS TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.



ROSERASCO:

"What a lovely silhouette a Playtex Girdle gives the figure—and how it flatters the fashion!"



FONTANA SISTERS:

"What a discovery! No other girdle allows such grace and freedom as this one!"



VISCONTI:

"Never have my clothes looked so well—thanks to Playtex!"



FABIANI:

"I use it that all my man-to-ones wear Playtex under every dress they wear!"



SCHUBERT:

"Let me create the fashions—and let Playtex create the perfect figure for them!"



VENEZIANI:

"Such pleasure, such comfort, such freedom! No wonder—designers recommend Playtex!"



ANTONELLI:

"Playtex really does work fashion magic! I can tell right away if a woman is wearing this girdle!"



CAROSA:

"Not a seam, stitch or bone! The Playtex Girdle is invisible under the slenderest designs!"

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, Playtex Park, Dover Del. ©1951 PLAYTEX LTD., Montreal, Canada



SECOND CHANCE IN SPAIN

The realities of world conflict finally force the Western nations to deal in statesmanlike terms with the strategically-placed peninsula where they abdicated their responsibilities in the 1930s

by ANDRE LAGUERRE

THE military deal which the U.S. is now negotiating with Generalissimo Francisco Franco brings to a new pitch the noise and frenzy of one of this generation's most impassioned political controversies. In the 15 years since those torrid days of the summer of 1936 when the guns of the armies of the Spanish Republic were turned in blazing rebellion against the Republic, the citizenry of the Western world—liberals and conservatives, Catholic zealots and atheist fanatics, international conspirators both Red and Black—all have roared in righteous chorus their clashing views upon Spain's torment. Few have done much to ease it. Not many have even understood it.

All the while, however, the conscience of the West has quivered with unease. Decent and thoughtful democrats, varying in temperament or perspective, may have reacted in different ways—some raging, some sorrowing, others simply worrying. But all have felt a certain nagging anxiety in the memory that the Republic of Spain—for all its incompetence and even iniquity—was left to be destroyed by men and methods no less ruthless than those that since have shackled Poland or Czechoslovakia.

It is an ugly memory. It persists for many reasons. For one thing, Spain's civil war inflamed American opinion in the late '30s in an unprecedented way: it seemed to breathe hot life into dry words like democracy and totalitarianism, and college campuses, town meetings and big-city cocktail parties seethed with new-found political passion. For another thing, the memory has lingered tauntingly in the light of the fact (which we now know) that those years of the civil war were but a prelude to world war, an actual testing ground for Fascist arms and Communist arms. But above all the memory maddens because it summons to mind the inglorious failure of Western democracies in another time of crisis—the empty pomp of their "non-intervention" in an arena where totalitarians, right and left, went to work and to war, and a people's freedom perished.

Today—in times twisted by irony, distorted by the crude compulsion of circumstance—the Western capitals again have been faced with a decision in Spain. It cannot be an easy one. Throughout the six years since World War II ended, Western leaders have seemed to prefer absurdly to pretend that Spain did not exist (almost as if they shied from looking upon the scene of their earlier abdication of responsibility). The political air has never been cleared of the years'

accumulation of glib clichés and shoddy slogans, vagrant as dust and no more substantial. But the inexorable laws of world strategy now demand action, thought, statesmanship. For a decision must be made that will be much more honest and resolute than that of the 1930s.

TO understand Spain is not a simple matter. Neither the character, temper nor history of the people is susceptible to brisk generalization. Tradition, chance and geography have conspired to endow these people with qualities that not only seem often mutually contradictory but also mark them as a nation in many ways distinct from the rest of Europe.

From the Urals to the Atlantic, the only natural continuous national barrier is the range of the Pyrenees. It is a mighty 250-mile chain laced by 10 key passes. Through the centuries it has often been as much a barrier to invading ideas as to invading armies. The mere existence of the Pyrenees wall helped turn Spain's face toward the Atlantic and the lands beyond. As a result the modern mind of Spain—even as it proclaims its Europeanism, its allegiance to the Christian community of West Europe—is most stirred by the exalted memory of the saga of the conquistadores and the once-magnificent Spanish empire of the Americas.



IN ROYAL PALACE of Madrid, Franco accepts the credentials of U.S. Ambassador Stanton Griffis.

No less momentous in Spain's history is the fact that, since the Visigoths of the Seventh Century, this land has been ruled and influenced longer by Africa than by Europe. Centuries of Islamic rule left greater remains than mosques and arabesque palaces: they tutored the Spanish mind in the learning of the East, gave it a stamp unique in the West. It shows in the very face of Spain: the Andalusian plain—its stark and somber earth contemptuous of grass, its sweeping rows of gray-green olive trees, its bleak hills dotted with dusty villages—is a scene more familiar to a Moroccan than to a European.

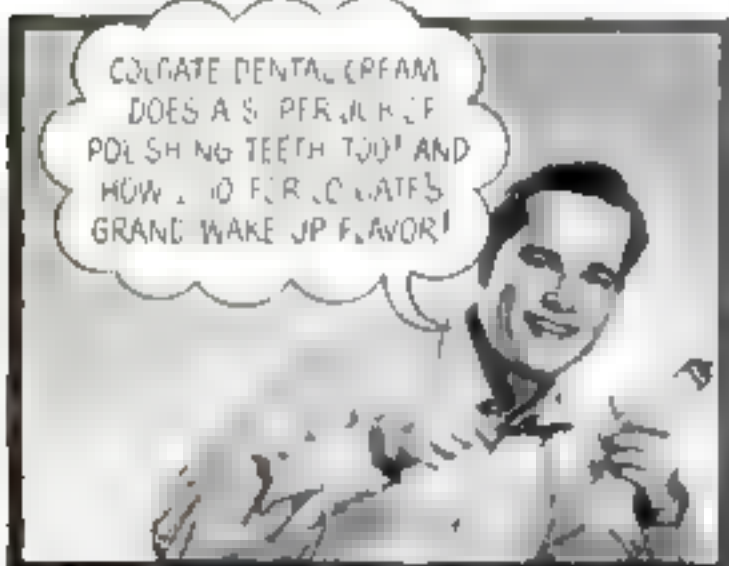
The Spanish character has been fashioned by all the diverse forces—Roman, Moslem, Catholic—that have met on this land bridge between two continents. The Castilian's sobriety and assurance—his *dignidad*—echoes ancient Rome. His exuberant vitality, both spiritual and social, is lustily Latin. The paradoxes of his talent for austerity and his indulgence in ostentation, his capacity to be both fiercely fanatic and tranquilly fatalistic, his frequent delicacy of manner and ruthlessness of method—these are bonds to the Arab East. And through the Catholic tradition itself the people's character has acquired traits which rarely are so closely linked: an exquisite sensitivity to mysticism—and a practical piety that reminds each man to save his own soul first.

Of all such strange and strong stuff is the Spaniard made. It was so of Saint Teresa of Avila, that most Spanish of all saints whose renown for mystic raptures and ecstasies was matched only by her fame as a tough-minded administrator busily founding 16 convents and 14 monasteries. It was so of Goya, whose unbridled artistry ranged from the tender to the savage, from the delicate to the obscene. And it is above all true of Spain's greatest literary creation: Cervantes' impulsive Don Quixote, the lean and magnificent mystic charging at the world's windmills, is inseparable from the earthy, sensuous, immensely sane Sancho Panza.

This national character—seen even in such oversimplified terms—makes Spain's political paradoxes more nearly understandable. Authoritarianism has certainly been more prevalent, seemingly more congenial, than liberalism—and yet Spain, far more than any other Western country, embraced the audacious anarchism of Bakunin. As a Portuguese writer has observed, "The people of the Iberian peninsula thirst for the absolute"—he hastens to add, "Every Spaniard carries in his knapsack his bill of rights proclaiming

← MOUNTAIN TROOPS on patrol duty guard Spain's great natural defense line, the Pyrenees, where the snow-crested wall is pierced by only a few usable passes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

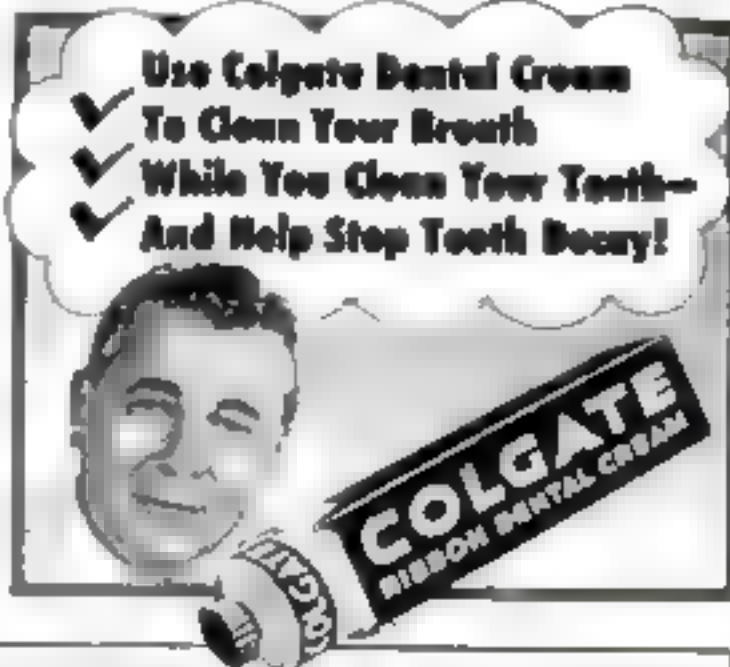
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

THOROUGHLY PROVED AND THE HOME METHOD OF THE MOST KNOWN TODAY!

Recently reported the very high proves that the thing teeth right after eating best! The most accepted home known today!

showed that the decay for more in denture or power such of ever



mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



DON QUIXOTE and Sancho Panza and monument to discovery of America stand before Madrid's new, U.S.-style España office building, tallest in Spain.

SPAIN CONTINUED

a single article: 'I may do as I please!' " And the greater part of Spain's political history is the tragic conspiracy of these extremes ever destroying that solemn community compromise which means freedom.

TODAY'S product of the centuries-old tragedy is the military dictatorship of Francisco Franco. In the official verbiage, Spain is "a Catholic, social and representative state which . . . declares itself to be a kingdom," whose leader—*el glorioso caudillo*—holds all effective political authority. The lamentable flaw of his mortality is atoned for by the existence of a Council of Regency, authorized in the awful event of his demise to designate a king who must be a royal-blooded Spaniard, at least 30 years of age and Catholic.

In both temper and trappings this regime resembles a 19th Century military rule more than a 20th Century fascist state. The traditional weapons of such a dictatorship—political imprisonment, suppression of opposition, rigid censorship—are all present and in working order. Absent are the more refined paraphernalia of modern totalitarianism—elaborate ideology, menacing imperialism, psychopathic nationalism, or that savage police surveillance that tries to eavesdrop on every indiscreet cafe or dinner conversation. Franco, after all, is a career army officer whose mind is unburdened with refinements of political philosophy, and one need only try to conceive of Adolf Hitler or Benito Mussolini as veteran soldiers risen from the ranks to perceive the difference between their regimes and his.

Enormously zealous and confident of his own righteousness, Franco holds power that is sweeping and unchallenged. He personally designates all important officials, including not merely cabinet ministers and army generals but also publishers of newspapers. His foreign minister, Alberto Martín Artajo, is an amiable man of absolutely no political experience who owes his post to his inexhaustible talent for agreeing with Franco. Subservience bans not only serious disagreement with the *Caudillo* but also even lesser vices: no one smokes in his presence and a cabinet minister craving a puff must excuse himself from the cabinet room as would a child leaving a classroom. Such an atmosphere, suggesting at times a Spanish caliphate, is poorly designed to make a man tractable or even reasonable. Franco's own brother, Nicolás, is credited with the irreverent jest: "It is impossible to talk to him now that he is always busy on his direct line to Saint Teresa."

But the truth is that there is probably much more of Sancho Panza than of Don Quixote in the man. His Galician peasant stock has endowed him with a shrewd and practical political mind. He can grasp and judge a policy more easily than a principle. His patriotism is undoubtedly sincere and just as surely pragmatic: no mystic ideal has ever been known to persuade him into driving a poor bargain. I found him, in person, to resemble an amiable *petit*



ST. TERESA symbolizes Spanish mysticism and practicality.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Drink!

The wonderful fun of waiting for a strike . . . and the very special pleasure you get as you "fresh up" with 7-Up . . . they're both part of the enjoyment when a "fresh up" family goes fishing.

Crystal-clear 7-Up has a way of adding its own lively cheer to any occasion—any time. And 7-Up is so pure . . . so good . . . so wholesome that even the "high chair" age can enjoy it often. That's why 7-Up is the *all-family* drink in millions of homes!

Be a "fresh up" family! Enjoy the clean, fresh taste of chilled 7-Up as you work and play together. *Buy a case today* wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs.

You like it... it likes you!



BUY IT BY THE CASE
FOR FAMILY AND GUESTS!



Nitey Nite

The Only Shrink-Resistant Sleeper With All These 10 Features

Now NITEY NITE sleepers are shrink-resistant. Their fur-soft, fur-warm fabric is floated through a new scientifically measured process and comes to you pre-tested, PRE-SHRUNK. Launder NITEY NITES time after time, they will hold their shape and fit. Buy NITEY NITES for gay color...warmth...wear and all their 10 famous features. Arctic and Medium NITEY NITE sizes 0-4; 4-8; 10-16.

- * shrink-resistant, pure cotton fabric.
- * every important seam is nine-thread sewn.
- * every point of strain is reinforced.
- * warm sweater-cuff hugs wrists; gives 4-inch adjustable sleeve-length.
- * exclusive "bootee" foot, with double sole for warmth and wear.
- * full-cut seat and "I-help-myself" closings.
- * Gripper fasteners end button problems.
- * comfortable neckline assures needed chest protection.
- * easy to wash—hold shape and fit.
- * generous sizes in six sudfast colors: Canary, Bluebird, Flamingo, Parakeet, Hummingbird, Robin.

ask for **Nitey Nite** sleepers at your favorite shop

NITEY NITE SLEEPERS MADE BY GLENDALE KNITTING CORPORATION, PERRY, N. Y.



RESOURCES MAP shows Spain has great riches, most of them undeveloped by the Franco regime. Irrigation and

mechanization lags, and output of farm produce and raw materials has dropped, further crippling a graft-ridden economy.

SPAIN CONTINUED

bourgeois politician more than a totalitarian dictator. In manner he was quite lively and affable—as most Americans have observed him to be since he decided an American alliance was his primary political goal.

There was no doubt that Franco fully believed himself when he said, "The spirit of my entire life can be summarized in a word: duty." At the same time, his definition of "duty" was coldly stated in a recent declaration: "We live in a struggle, watched by our enemies as in a besieged place. We must call him a traitor who talks of opening doors, who murmurs that discipline must be broken. . . . If these methods are never attractive, they are effective."

For the desired effect, Franco relies on three forces harnessed to his regime: the army, the Church and the Falange party. Each plays a distinct role, offers a different kind of support, and occasionally presents a special kind of problem.

Most important is the army, without which no one can rule in Spain. Its allegiance is virtually solid and its reward commensurately big. A third of next year's estimated general budget of \$550 million goes to the armed forces. They constitute a standing force of some 400,000 men; fast mobilization could double the number. Only their equipment is lamentable. The 23,000-man navy boasts 30 limping warships, and the 39,000-man air force has fewer than 150 aircraft in shape. But morale in these forces is excellent. Senior officers are equipped with both the experience of the civil war and the loyalty to Franco that they learned in those years; junior officers are graduated

from military academies in Toledo, Saragossa and Segovia, which are among the finest in Europe. The men are as well clothed as the soldiers of any other European mass army, and preferential rations make them the best-fed society in Spain.

The hierarchy of the Spanish Church has been, for Franco, an ally scarcely less important than the army, though less unanimously reliable. In general, since the end of the civil war, the priests and bishops of Spain heartfully endorsed his regime as a guarantor against persecution and a dispenser of lavish political favor. The Cardinal Primate of Toledo has been particularly fulsome in eulogies loudly seconding Franco's claims as "defender of the faith." Foreign Minister Martín Artajo was taken into the cabinet in 1946 because of his prestige as the secular leader of Catholic Action, and his role seemed to secure that of the Church.

There have been, however, some strong dissident currents within the Church. One of these is a Monarchist nostalgia, which for years has been boldly displayed by Cardinal Segura of Seville. More important has been a steadily growing democratic movement within Catholic Action. In part this

has been judiciously encouraged by a Vatican apprehensively scanning the dangers of the political and economic state of Spain. In part the movement has been heartened by the experience of Christian Democratic parties in France and Italy and Germany. As a result, the appeals for "liberalization" from Church sources lately have become louder. Last June a conference of archbishops issued a statement sharply rebuking the regime in these words:

"The principal mission of the public powers is to secure



GIBRALTAR, British fort which Franco covets, looms beyond Falangist emblem at border.

new 1952 Waterman's Ball Pointer 30-DAY TRIAL

*Biggest
Value ever!*

NEW!
Metal cap

NEW!
Sure-grip clip

NEW!
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YOU RISK NOTHING!

* Here's one ball point pen that doesn't leak, doesn't scratch, can't "skip," rip or stop! The 1952 Waterman's Ball Pointer is a fine writing instrument in the best Waterman's tradition. Costs only \$1! Buy it on 30 Days Trial at no risk whatever! 5 beautiful colors, 2 convenient sizes. Get a Waterman's 1952 Ball Pointer and forget your writing troubles! At all Dealers.

Say
Waterman's

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Whatever you do— Wear Carter's Trigs for comfort!

Look! New Super T-Shirt has Nylon-Set Neckband which keeps shape always...and Nevabind Sleeves, exclusive with Carter's, for action comfort.

Sit easy, bend easy in Trig Shirts and Shorts
...and the elastic will never let you down!

(And cotton knits need no ironing)

DAD's Trigs Super T-Shirt, \$1.50, and briefs, \$1.10

LAD's Trigs Super T-Shirt, \$1.25, and briefs, \$.89

YOURS can be Trigs in briefs, mid-lengths or longs, athletic shirts, regular or Super T Shirts. Carter makes 'em all!



The William Carter Co., Needham Heights 94, Mass.

Psst! Carter's makes fine underwear for the entire family!



ANTIQUATED WEAPONS are about all Spain has. Above are pre-World War II destroyers in Cadiz naval base and tanks of same vintage in a parade.

SPAIN CONTINUED

first the sustenance of the individual. . . . Society does not exist for governments, but governments for society. . . . Charity towards one's fellow man is very lofty, but never believe that you can substitute it for justice. . . . Totalitarianism, even mitigated, exploits the individual for the benefit of the state."

Increasingly, both the Vatican and key Catholic leaders have been alarmed at the explosive peril of too tight an association of the Church with the Franco regime. It is significant that the corps of army chaplains recently constituted, while being subject to army discipline, is responsible to the Vatican in religious matters. Some Spaniards found it equally significant that the recent strikes in Barcelona, which gave the regime its severest fright since the civil war, were preceded three days earlier by the broadcast of a special papal address to Spanish workers, gathered in church squares throughout the nation, which pointedly said, "No one can accuse the Church of indifference to labor and social questions."

The faded Falangists

THE third force harnessed to the regime—the Falangist party—is of the smallest political effectiveness. It continues officially to be Spain's unique party, to control big government funds, to parade a radical social gospel, to run daily and weekly newspapers throughout the country. But it has, with the fading of fascist fashion, become a party of much strut and little substance. Its hold on the political police has loosened; its ideological bombast is taken seriously by only a diehard core of fanatics; graft and corruption have crippled its social services. At official ceremonies in Madrid today, the uniformed Falangists—portly men in white jackets, dark trousers, shirts and ties—shuffle about with the air of men vaguely aware of their own obsolescence. Even most of their official allies in government largely view the Falangists as curious eccentrics in make-believe costumes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

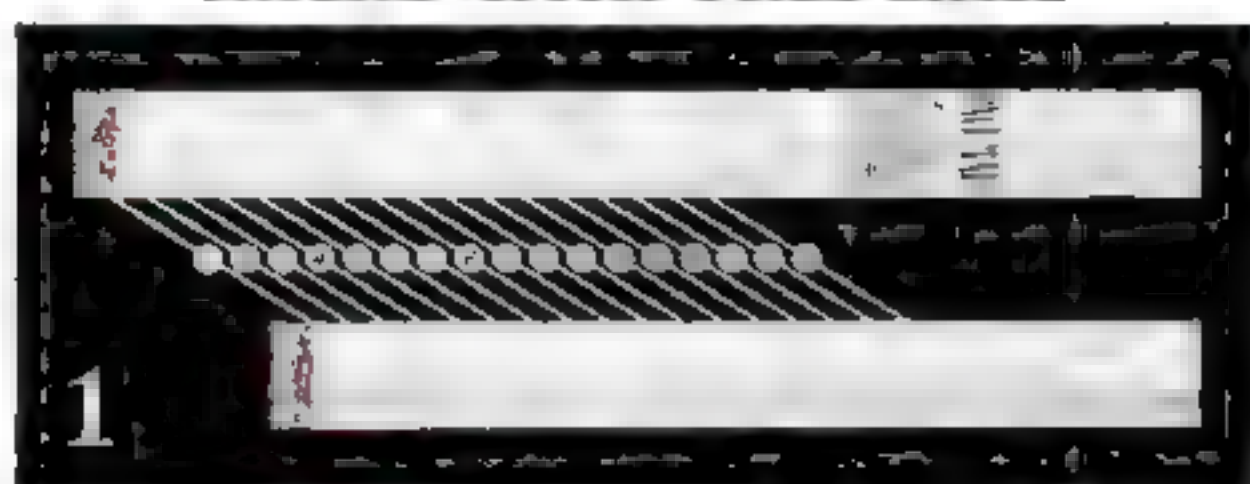
Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

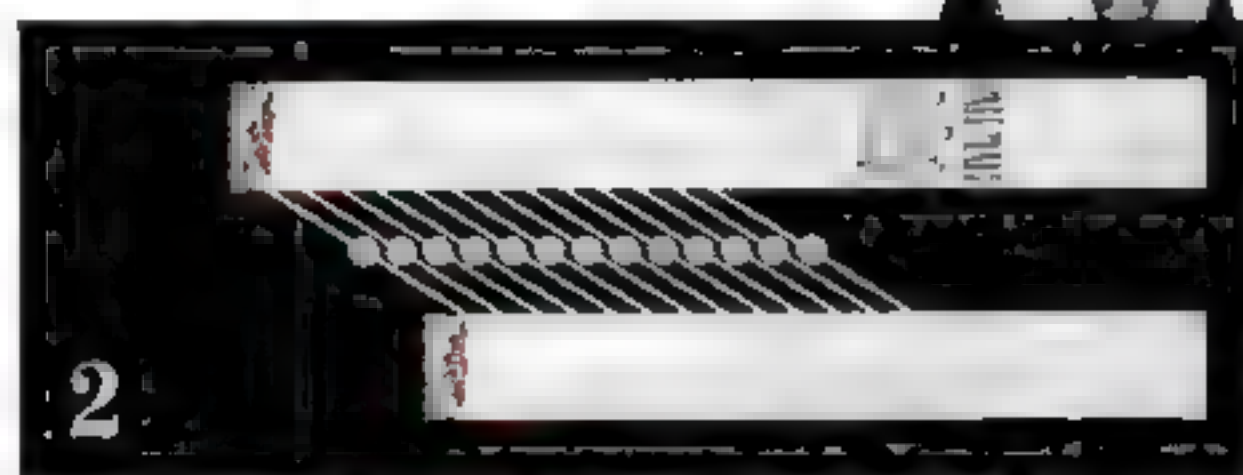
...smoke
PALL MALL, the cigarette
whose mildness you can
measure

Study this Puff Chart.

**PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS
AHEAD WITH PALL MALL**



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.



Outstanding
— and they are *mild*!



...Why Women like this business creed

The quotation above appears on millions of boxes of STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products.

It is a pledge of the superior worth of these products to women who shop for them at more than 10,000 STANLEY HOSTESS Parties daily.

Friendly, independent STANLEY Dealers do business in your community in the spirit of this quotation. Invite one of them to plan your STANLEY HOSTESS Party soon.

Phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or STANLEY's Home Office in Westfield, Mass.

Make Money With Stanley

Thousands of ambitious men and women with no previous sales training are now building happy, prosperous, permanent careers as independent STANLEY Dealers. If you, too, are interested in making money selling Stanley Products, write Dept. L, Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass.



Originators of the famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

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Brushes, Mops, Dusters, etc., Household Cleaning Chemicals, Products for Personal Grooming.

SPAIN CONTINUED

Nonetheless the names and the poisonous ideas of a few leaders stubbornly live on politically. In the latest "liberalized" Franco cabinet, the minister of labor continues to be the doctrinaire demagogue, José Antonio Girón. The boss of the nation's press is the same Juan Aparicio who, all during World War II, served the Nazi propaganda cause to the bitter end. When I reviewed some of his recent past with him, he lied lamely: "Our disposition toward the U.S. is friendly—after all, Spain never quarreled with America as she did with France and Britain." Men like Aparicio can barely choke back their hatred for the U.S. in particular and for Western democracy in general.



LABOR MINISTER J. A. GIRON

Against this odd political alliance of Franco's—for all its crevices, toughly crusted with force—there beat slow, steady waves of popular discontent. But the signs of a really threatening storm are absent. In many ways indifferent to daily politics by temperament and habit, the Spanish worker or peasant aims his anger more at the practical hardships of his daily life than at his dictatorship. The strikes last spring in protest against the high cost of living were spontaneous outbursts, not the work of planned opposition; and although they deeply shocked the government, they were not explicitly directed against it.

For what seems to be enormous political inertia, there are a number of reasons. The pragmatic Spaniard, easily inflamed to violence by an impassioned man, is rarely moved to furious action by an abstract idea.

He is quick to deplore his regime's oppressiveness, its common corruption, and especially its self-righteous babbling about its own achievements—but he is not inspired to destroy it unless he sees in the offing a notably better, immediately available alternative. The memory of the terrible wounds of the civil war is still vivid. As a young businessman told me simply, "Quite frankly, we are willing to pay a higher price for social peace than for political freedom and justice."

The very language of a people reflects its character. In Spanish, the word signifying "to hope" is the same as the word "to wait"—*esperar*. This fatalism, nourished by centuries, shields the inner life of the Spaniard from the crude incursions of politics. He is often contentedly rich in friends, with whom he whiles away hours of happy talk over a cup of rancid coffee, idly deploring the cost of fish and olive oil. He is rich in the big families that he loves. He is rich in religious faith, often mystical and always healing; to abjure difficult decisions becomes logical and easy when one knows that all decisions are in God's hands.



FOREIGN MINISTER ARTAJO

Among special groups a keen and gnawing hunger for freedom does persist. Intellectuals have a sense of suffocation under the combined restrictions of state censorship and the moral embargoes of the Church which, for example, can ban translations of Stendhal and Victor Hugo. Political oppression can breed as many political enemies as it kills: while the number of political prisoners today may be as low as 8,000

even according to opposition sources, tens of thousands of former prisoners enjoy only "conditional" liberty and swell the ranks of the unemployed. Journalists mourn a press censorship which imposes an absurd uniformity on the nation's daily reading matter. Often it is less willfully vicious than meticulously asinine—as when it recently banned a picture of President Truman sporting a lurid shirt in Florida on the grounds that the head of a "friendly state" should not be advertised in so undignified an attire. There is no effective religious freedom (it is technically difficult for two Protestants to find a way to get married in Spain), but little is heard of this in



PRESS CHIEF JUAN APARICIO

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

AVA GARDNER, CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOW BOAT"



AVA GARDNER... **Lustre-Creme** presents one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star ... so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather,

your hair shines ... behaves ... is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.



FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STARS use LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO for GLAMOROUS HAIR

MCGREGOR* BACK-TO-CAMPUS "BIG GAME" 1951



BIG GAME MASKOTS
of
BIG GAME COUNTRY



TIGER
Princeton
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Army
Michigan State
Colby



BEAR
Brown
California State
Baylor



HORSE
San Francisco
Western Michigan
Santa Clara



WILDCAT
Kentucky
Kansas State
Northwestern



LION
Columbia
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PANTHER
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*TRADEMARK
MADE IN U.S.A.

If It's McGreggor It's The Best For Back-To-Campus Wear!

McGREGOR started the idea of men's back-to-campus fashions. McGreggor, as America's largest sportswear maker — has the research and know-how to develop clothes that are perfect for the style-wants and needs of American men. Now, for 1951, McGreggor makes history with the newest, smartest apparel that ever hit the campus!

MAC appears in BIG GAME ULSTER... with water-repellent sheen gabardine shell, alpaca lining, mouton-dyed lamb collar. 49.95. Worn over SNOW PEAK SKI SWEATER. 10.95.

CHARLIE wears COUNTRY SUEDE JACKET... luxury leather in "natural-line" model. 42.50. Worn over LAMBOURNE WOOL SHIRT. 10.95.

GEORGE arrives in HOST TRI-THREAT JACKET... Water-repellent, 3 in 1 jacket with zip-

lining that's really a corduroy television jacket! 32.50. Worn over TRI-THREAT WOOL SWEATER. 7.95.

ROBIE is greeted in PINE DRIZZLER JACKET — the famed water-repellent Drizzler now gets a vivid wool plaid Snow Pine Lining. 16.95. Worn over PINK WOOL SPORTSHIRT. 11.95.

DIDDIE gets cheers for CAMEL STOWE... wool thigh-length jacket with quilted fencilite lining, mouton-dyed lamb collar. 38.50. Worn over EDINBOROUGH SWEATER. 10.95.

GIL greets boys in NORTH AMERICAN GLEN SPORT JACKET... a new glen pattern in ultra-muted colors. 45.00. Worn over TRIPLE CABLE SWEATER. 12.95. CAMBRIDGE FLANNEL HUGGER SLACKS. 19.95.

OLLIE waves in OLYMPIA GAB JACKET... with quilted fencilite lining, mouton-dyed lamb collar. 27.95. Worn over WILLIAM TELL SPORTSHIRT. 1.95.

RICK takes a seat in CORD 'N' HIDE SPORT JACKET... supple corduroy with elbows and turn-up collar in matching suede leather. 25.00. Worn over AUTUMN CORD SPORTSHIRT. 8.95.

TAN stands aside in TWEED 'N' LEATHER JACKET... nubby wool tweed body — glove leather lining, wool plaid skirt. 45.00. Worn over AUTUMN GAB SPORTSHIRT. 7.95.

His birthday is August? Remember, he'd love to get sportswear... Especially McGreggor.

He'll Never Forget You Gave Him McGREGOR.



Match the letters above to the sportswear descriptions on left.

Also available in Boys' Sizes or write — McGreggor Sportswear — DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC. • 303 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.



OLD OLIVE GROVES stripe the rolling landscape of southern Spain, where agricultural output is low and where harvest workers make about 45¢ a day.

SPAIN CONTINUED

a nation where probably less than 0.2% of the population would call itself non-Catholic.

Far more immediately grievous is the lack of economic freedom. Although only some 10% of the nation's industry is nationalized, the state tightly controls all foreign exchange, desperately needed for imports. Graft, political favoritism and plain incompetence poison the government's economic policies and practices.

Here the regime must pay the price for its political pretensions. Claiming to be the guarantor of the whole national well-being (and sometimes struggling earnestly if futilely to better the workers' lot), the government must accept the blame of its people for their economic plight. While Spain cannot produce enough to balance the economy of a population of more than 28 million, businesses are closing down steadily for lack of raw materials: Madrid alone probably has some 80,000 unemployed. Some 8,000 miles of railroad are in a state of atrocious decay. Irrigation of the arid land has scarcely advanced in 50 years. While two thirds of the population continues to live off the land, agricultural output has dropped 20% since 1935; there are fewer tractors now than 15 years ago; a mule costs a fabulous thousand dollars. The black market dominates such an economy; olive oil, officially priced at about 11 pesetas per liter, is sold at the foot of the olive tree in Andalusia for 28 pesetas to the very laborer working on the harvest. The worker, whose average daily earning is some 45¢, finds this will buy him a little more than a pound of rice.

The anatomy of opposition

ALL this means hunger and need for millions. It does not mean rebellion, which calls for a strong stomach rather than an empty one. No one knows this better than the weary leaders of the opposition themselves.

Opposition, organized and articulate, divides into three sections: the Monarchists, the Republicans (including traditional socialists, anarchists and Basque autonomists) and the Communists. The Communists are not numerically strong and are ostracized by the Republicans, but they have able and courageous cadres at work. Their hope—a very soundly reasoned one—is that the combined impact of economic crisis and political incompetence will produce their great chance. In their own Marxian way, they too know the magic of *esperar*.

Monarchists and Republicans have entered a not altogether hearty alliance which is represented in Spain by the *Comité Interior de Coordinación*. Whether their hearts are in it or not, however, Republicans have no practical choice but to rally around the pretender to the Spanish throne, Don Juan de Borbón, Count of Barcelona, now living in comfortable exile in Portugal. Around his person revolve all realistic hopes for political change in Spain: the theoretical beauties of a Republican form of government mean little to a people demanding more than an idea as an alternative to their present rule. And the Republican idea itself is badly tarnished with the memory of political anarchy, incompetence and civil terror.

While the C.I.C. does some effective liaison work within the opposition and a good deal of clandestine propaganda, Don Juan's chances in the near future depend far more on Franco's own tem-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Bob Feller

AS AN AWKWARD ROOKIE OF 17, FELLER STRUCK OUT 17 PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS IN ONE GAME TO TIE THE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD, AND THEN RETURNED TO HIGH SCHOOL.



"RAPID ROBERT" FELLER, FIREBALL KING OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS, RANKS WITH THE GREATEST SPEED ARTISTS OF ALL TIME. HIS PHENOMENAL THROWING ARM HAS EARNED HIM MORE MONEY THAN ANY OTHER PITCHER IN THE GAME'S HISTORY!



Shaving Value Without Equal!

Gillette Super-Speed
\$1.75 value

AND IMPROVED 10-BLADE DISPENSER*
IN STYRENE TRAVEL CASE

* HAS HANDY COMPARTMENT FOR USED BLADES

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING RAZOR, THE ULTRAMODERN GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED, IS BRINGING REAL SHAVING CONVENIENCE, COMFORT AND ECONOMY TO MILLIONS OF MEN. ENJOY INSTANT BLADE CHANGING AND THE SLICKEST, EASIEST SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE. GET A GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR!

ZIP!
Blade hooks on—drops in place PRESTO!

In Goes Used Blade

Look Your Best And Feel It Too...
Always Use

Gillette Blue Blades

● MEN, GOOD APPEARANCE starts with a slick, refreshing shave—the kind you always get with super-keen Gillette Blue Blades. Buy them in the handy Dispenser that ZIPS out a new blade presto and stores the used blade in a special compartment. Use only Gillette Blue Blades in your Gillette Razor.



10 BLADES
49¢
20 BLADES
98¢

look sharp! feel sharp! be sharp! use Gillette Blue Blades
WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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BELLOWS

a name backed with 120 years
integrity, experience and fine quality

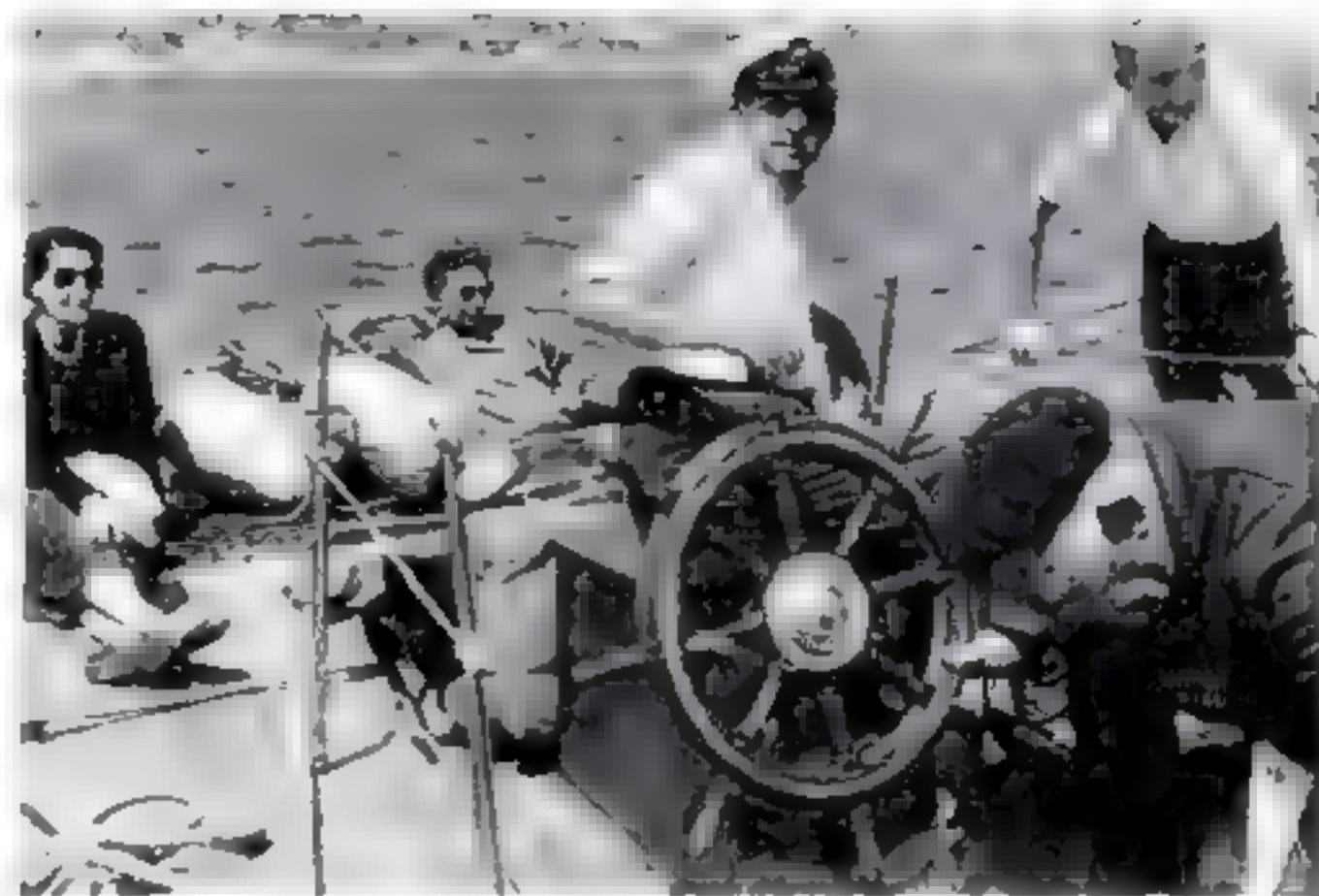
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BELLOWS CLUB SPECIAL
 STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
 (THIS WHISKEY IS FOUR YEARS OLD)
 DISTILLED IN KENTUCKY
 Specially selected from our own
 owned and bottled at Long. Is. by
 BELLWINDS & COMPANY
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BELLOWS PARTNERS CHOICE
 WHISKEY-A BLEND
 Specially selected to meet the
 highest requirements of a
 fine and pure drink
 Imported by
 BELLWINDS & COMPANY
 ESTABLISHED 1870 NEW YORK CITY
 60% GR NEUTRAL SPIRITS

THE best Whiskies on the Market Today



PRETENDER TO THRONE, Don Juan de Borbón, Count of Barcelona, goes sailing off Portugal, where he is in exile. Son Don Juan Carlos is at right.

SPAIN CONTINUED

perament. Restoration will almost certainly occur only under Franco's sponsorship; and his readiness to relinquish power is likely to be encouraged by a hostile underground considerably less than by an inflamed gall bladder which will probably demand surgery this year. Right now, there is little for Juan to do but wait, hope and take counsel with his trusted adviser, Gil Robles, the shrewd and portly political veteran of the Republic's old Catholic *Acción Popular* party.

What are Franco's intentions? When he and Juan conferred secretly two years ago, the dictator promised he would surrender the state to the pretender in either of two circumstances: 1) if Spain

went to war, in which event he would command the armies in the field, or 2) if Spain suffered such an economic crisis that only his retirement would bring aid from the Western powers. In the absence of either of these conditions, Franco has no intention of effectively liberalizing his regime. While the latest cabinet has been adroitly advertised as being more politically palatable to the West, it really signifies little more than a reshuffling of an old deck. Key Falangist ministers continue to be prominent and, while the number of nominal "monarchists" is increased, no one of them is ardent enough to lift even an eyebrow against the generalissimo.



COUNT'S ADVISER, ROBLES

The plain truth is that it is difficult to understand how liberalization can seriously be expected of a man who makes no pretense of being a liberal or a democrat. Equally plain is the truth that any authentic hope for freedom in Spain depends on the sense and vigor of U.S. policy.

AMERICAN policy can elect one of three broad choices: 1) to refuse all economic aid to a politically repugnant regime; 2) to extend economic aid in return for military cooperation and with explicit conditions; or 3) to buy military cooperation with unconditional economic aid.

The first of these policies, however ideologically satisfying it might be, would make little political sense for a number of reasons. For one thing, the U.S. simply needs naval and air bases in Spain—whether or not Spain is formally included in the Atlantic Pact. In the second place, to precipitate economic chaos in Spain—in a righteous assertion of democratic indignation—would be quite likely to produce the only conditions eagerly desired by Spain's and Europe's Communists. In the third place, the simple fact is that there is a vast amount of anti-Communist strength and conviction and purpose in Spain, as much in the people as in the government; such resources deserve to be recognized and used. Finally, the people of Spain themselves are unlikely to appreciate the attempt to starve them into democracy.

The curious fact is that any such ideologically pure, politically perilous course of action, while advocated by some of the West's most ardent liberals, would really signify no wiser—or more courageous—decision than the "nonintervention" of the 1930s so hate-



Best run
for the money!

On the level or up the hills
you'll get power-a-plenty with Fire-Chief gasoline.

What's more, famous Fire-Chief is *regular-priced*.

So fill 'er up and get the best run

for the money. At Your Texaco Dealer

... the best friend your car ever had.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America





A Thrifty Meat so Good to Eat!

Who gives a hoot for arithmetic, or even girls like Mary, when there's a big, hearty MOR sandwich to dream of! That's real food. All boys will agree with Jimmy on that, Wilson's MOR is the perfect meat for eager school-boy appetites . . . just the thing to fill "hollow legs" without straining the food budget.

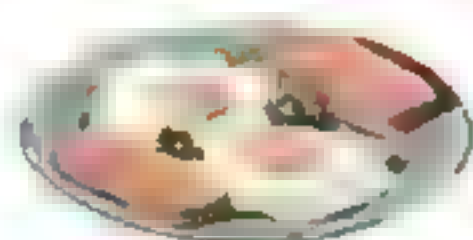
The whole family goes for MOR. Sugar-cured, tender pork shoulder meat, seasoned the Wilson way, it's the meat for *any* time and *many* uses . . . sliced cold, fried, roasted. Be smart. Be thrifty. Buy Wilson's MOR at your favorite store.



The Wilson label protects your table



MOR - meat makes the meal!



Breakfast ready?

And how . . . fried MOR and eggs. Or creamed MOR on toast. So good. When there's time—serve pan-fried MOR with your favorite pancakes or waffles and syrup. Yum-m-m . . . and another yum.



Sandwich Lunch

Here's a "natural" . . . open face MOR sandwich with French fries and cole slaw. Other sandwich hunches: Chopped MOR and bacon . . . or, MOR and cheese. Slip under broiler for a "burger."



Not fancy, but good!

Spread chili sauce and brown sugar on two cans MOR. Bake at 350° F. for 15 min. Serves six. It's MEAT and it's easy. Or cover with luscious baked beans or kernel corn. Real eating.



OLD PILLBOXES, mementos of the Spanish civil war, still dot the landscape around Madrid. A family of poor ragpickers has moved into this one.

SPAIN CONTINUED

ful to these same liberals. It would effectively throw the people of Spain to the wolves of chance, terror, revolution and counterrevolution. It would, in fact, be "nonintervention" once again—this time wrapped in gaudy democratic slogans.

No more sensible or attractive is the policy of the opposite extreme. Unconditional aid can undoubtedly bring about an economic betterment that in itself might induce a relaxation of political tension within Spain: already \$62,500,000 has been earmarked to spark the sluggish Spanish economy. But aid so grandly extended would be even more likely to confirm the Franco regime in its intransigence, make it more careless in absolute power. If the political lot of the Spanish people were thus unrelieved by virtue of American aid, they would not fail to place the cruel blame where it belonged. As one *Madrideño*—no professional leftist—warned me earnestly, "Beware of dealing with the regime and forgetting the people. If you believe that the Spanish are entitled to more freedom—even though they are unwilling to rebel to get it—you must bring it with you into Spain. Otherwise the U.S. will store up something which may cost her dearly one day, and not only in Spain."

These facts impose upon the U.S. the job of executing the toughest and trickiest of diplomatic policies—one that will shun both the cheap haven of policy-by-slogan and the equally cheap course of policy-by-sellout. At times the lure of expediency will seem almost irresistible: it will be so dazzlingly easy to win acclaim through the Spanish nation's whole carefully regimented press—simply by being politically and economically acquiescent. Voices that so recently cursed America as a depraved democracy can quickly be tuned to chorus praises to the great big benefactor of the West. The sound will be seductive. Uncritical ears will miss the tinny notes. Their deceit will be hailed as our diplomatic triumph. It is to be hoped that the U.S. will be vigilant and honest—with itself as much as with the Spanish people.

The very tough job to be done has been assigned to Ambassador Stanton Griffis. His previous missions in Poland, Egypt and Argentina have exposed him to some of the more painful problems of dealing with intricate and slippery diplomatic situations. To date, there persists a certain ambiguity in the policy he has been pursuing in Madrid. At the insistence of President Truman, who has expressed himself heatedly on the subject of religious freedom in Spain, Ambassador Griffis has taken pains to draw Franco's attention to cases of religious discrimination in Spain. This is to the good—so long as it is remembered that politically the most innocuous freedom that Franco can allow in Spain is religious freedom. And it is curious that Ambassador Griffis does not consider freedom of the press a proper object of his diplomatic pursuit. Banker-style, he wants economic return for loans to Spain but shies from using them as a political lever—a strategy he fears would merely stiffen Franco's intransigence.

The fears of the most politically mature Spaniards are rather different: they fear these very inhibitions in American policy. They

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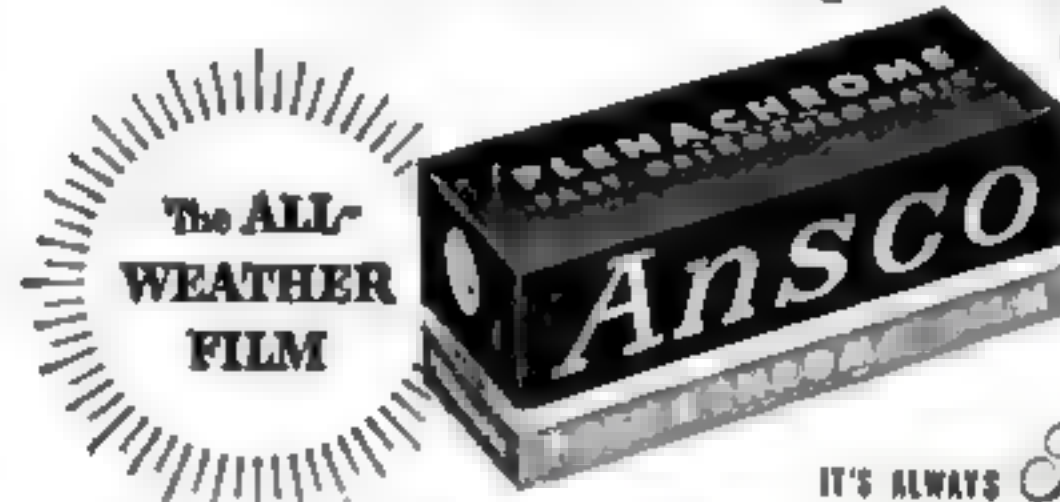
Rain or Shine... Only Ansco Guarantees Perfect Snapshots!

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Don't trust to luck with ordinary film. Now get clear, sparkling snapshots in all weather, in any camera... at no extra cost.

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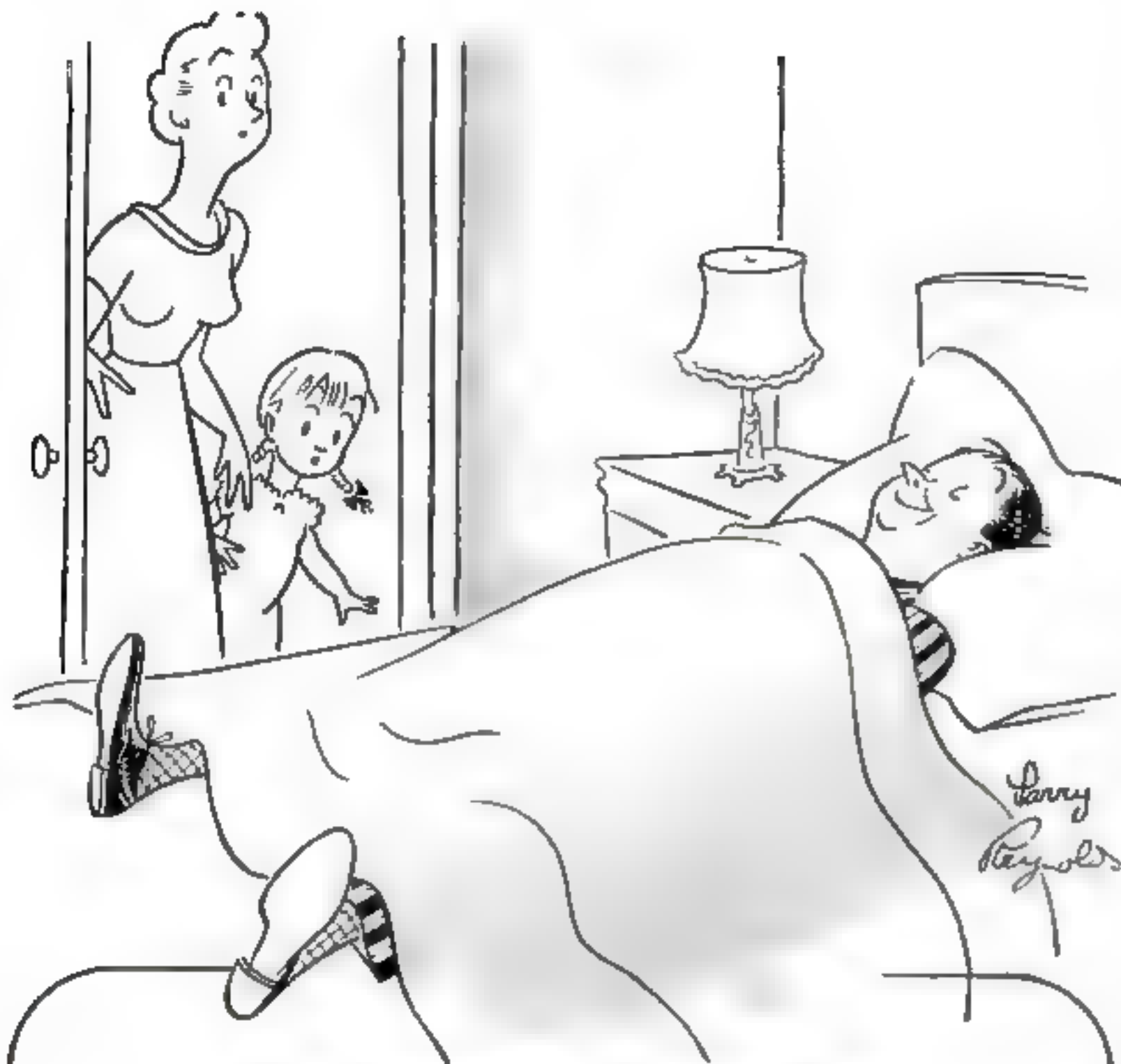
negatives with carton or guarantee bond for new, free roll. Only Ansco makes this guarantee. At dealers everywhere!



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You may not want to sleep in Douglas shoes...

... but *this* is for sure: These fine shoes have a real foot-cradling comfort to them. Just tick off the W. L. Douglas features that make comfort a *fact*: the Douglas Arch, the foot-free Normal Tred, cushion heel, and glove-comfort lasts.

And when it comes to styling, just feast your eyes on the *authentic* lines of this Douglas shoe in lustrous Bronzitone leather. Your Douglas dealer has the new fall line of styled-right, comfort-right Douglas Shoes to show you. Try on a pair today!

Douglas makes fine shoes for men
always has ... always will

**W.L.
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SHOES FOR MEN



W. L. Douglas Shoe Company,
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General Shoe Corporation
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Style Number 2135
\$9⁹⁵ to \$14⁹⁵
for most styles

SPAIN CONTINUED

fear a crudely abrupt switch in U.S. conduct to a policy of unconditional economic aid dictated by military necessity. They fear that Franco may succeed in a blustery bluff that will make American diplomats too timid to press for more political decency in the recipient of their gifts.

These people—and they know Franco well—analyze his position coolly. They find that Franco will cooperate militarily, in return simply for essential military aid, because he himself needs the American alliance. Simply to "throw in" economic aid would be to waste it: it should be extended only with clear agreement on political reforms. And these observers deplore the anxiety of some Americans lest they push the generalissimo into hostility. Their *Caudillo*, they point out, is not a prima donna but a canny political haggler: America is dealing here with Sancho, not Quixote.

Some limited objectives

SUCH American demands could not sanely include complete press freedom tomorrow and general elections the day after. But a number of objectives are realizable if they are only sought with firmness. The limits of censorship could be widened to allow some independence of written opinion. The right of political assembly could be extended to organizations other than the Falange. The most poisonous centers of Falangist influence in the government could be cleansed. Civil courts rather than military tribunals could be charged with adjudicating alleged political offenses. Faster amnesty could be extended to political prisoners and the curse of parole lifted from thousands of people "conditionally" free.

Pursuit of these demands will not be easy. They cannot be tidily enumerated in a grandiloquent public pronouncement. They must be daily and doggedly sought on the scene in Madrid by an American mission constantly bargaining, bickering, arguing, insisting, steadfastly refusing to be bluffed, ready to pound a firm fist on the council table when that kind of noise is needed.

Successfully pressed, such a policy could bring rewards considerably richer than naval bases and landing fields. It will not transform Iberia into an Anglo-Saxon liberal fairyland; it will not convert Spanish mystics into New England Unitarians; it will not temper the truculent anarchy of the Spanish character; it will not make hungry Barcelona slum-dwellers shout Rooseveltian slogans; it will not transmute the mellow wisdom of the illiterate peasant into the crisp new learning of a Midwestern state university graduate. It will not remake the Spaniard. For this, he at least will be grateful.

But it can revive in all Spaniards, too long lost and aloof behind their Pyrenees, a sense of belonging to the Christian community of the West. It can summon to the aid of that community those qualities to which the people of Spain seem to have special claim: vitality, faith, dignity. These are the treasures of which Spain can give most generously and which the West should receive most thankfully.



U.S. SENATORS meet Franco in his office for conference in July. From the left: Brewster, Gillette (shaking Franco's hand), Hickenlooper and Sparkman.

BEAUTIES USED TO BATHE MORE



Fear of censorship made 20th Century Fox give only the most fleeting view of the beautiful Bathsheba's addictions—in fact the translucent screen pictured on page 77 has been taken out of the final version of the picture and replaced by an opaque wooden one (left). In the olden days (below) bathing was a much more important rite in the movies and the treatment accorded it was apt to be long and loving.

NOW BATHSHEBA DIPS DEMURELY



COY BATHER, Mignon Craig, looks around from edge of tub, decorated in oriental style, in 1918 film, *A Man's World* before strict censorship was enforced.



SULLEN BATHER, Jean Harlow, waits in a rain barrel for Clark Gable to make his intentions clear at a jungle outpost of civilization in *Red Dust* (1932).



FLOWERY BATHER, Myrna Loy, relaxes after adventures in desert by lolling in an Egyptian pool strewn with rose petals. Film was *The Barbarian* (1933).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Something better has been added!



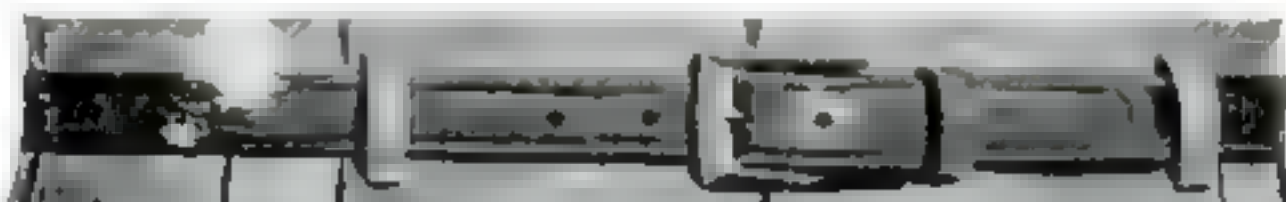
U.S. Army asks mills to add Nylon to wool army cloth

that's why *Flylon* is 50% stronger because Nylon is added to Wool and Rayon!

a "never before" gabardine exclusively yours in

Thomson Tailored Slacks

about \$10.95.. (slightly higher west of the Rockies)



THOMSON COMPANY, WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK 7



SKYSCRAPING BUSINESS BUILDINGS REFLECT HOUSTON'S RAPID RISE TO SOUTH'S LARGEST INDUSTRIAL CENTER. OIL, COTTON, STEEL

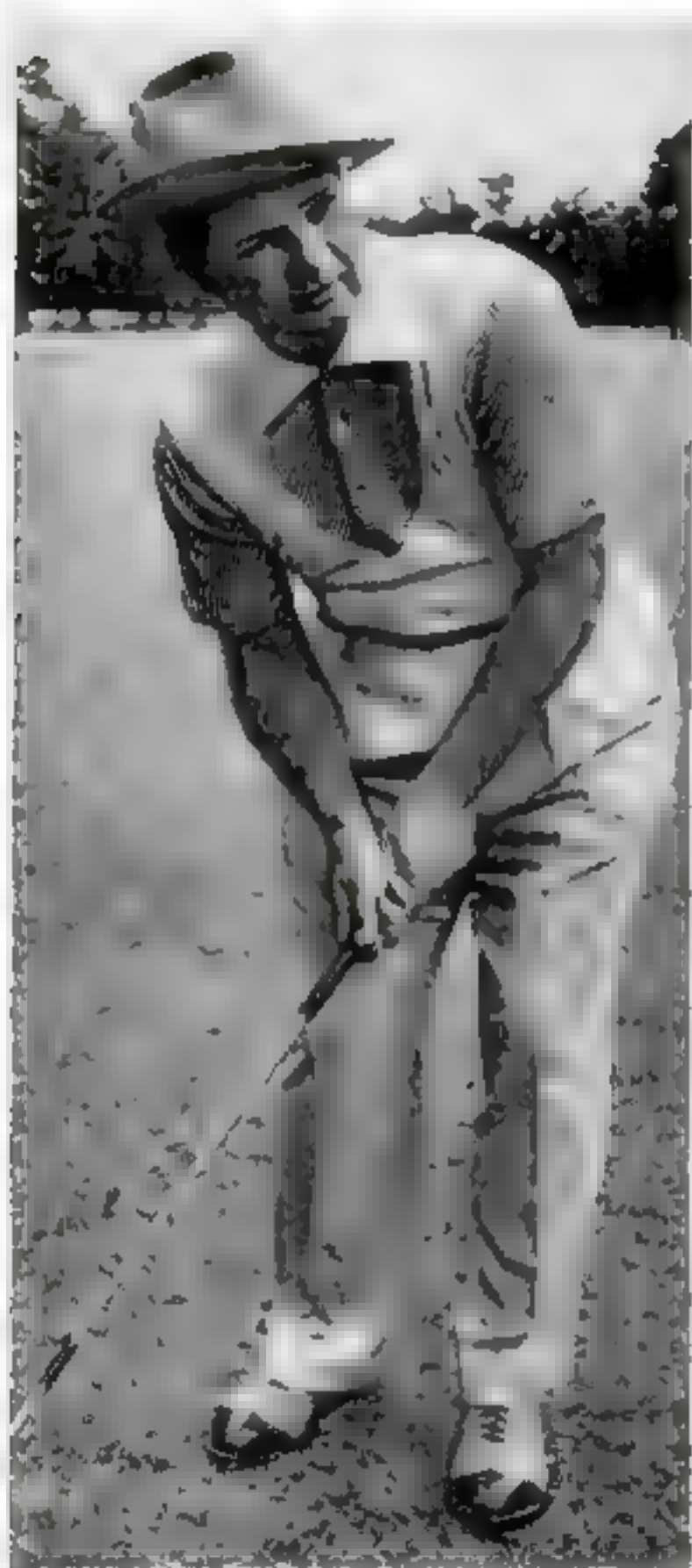
What happens when **LIFE** hits Houston?

South's largest city, Houston is as noted for its energetic, enterprising citizens as for its diversified, ever-expanding industries.

About 3 out of every 5 people who live in Houston are readers of **LIFE***—they form the largest audience of any magazine in the city. These people read **LIFE** as they read no other magazine—for only **LIFE** brings such graphic picture-and-word reporting of all events.

So it's only natural that **LIFE**'s impact on the people of Houston

ITS IMPACT IS OFTEN PERSONAL...



Golfer Jim Demaret's self-designed and colorful golfing attire was shown in **LIFE**. Demaret "received hundreds of letters from fans, and retailers across the nation praised article's tremendous effect on sportswear business."



Financier Jesse H. Jones, builder of many Houston skyscrapers: "**LIFE**'s terse editorials and its large circulation make it an agency of great influence on our fast-moving generation."



Newsboy Charles Bondi, famed for his foghorn voice: "After I was in **LIFE** everyone seemed to know me. I got a lot of new customers. Things sure happen to you after you've been in **LIFE**."



Writer Hubert Mewhinney of *The Houston Post* appeared in **LIFE**, "received hundreds of letters from all over the world." **LIFE**'s International Edition has three million readers abroad.



Philanthropist Hugh Roy Cullen, endower of Texas universities: "**LIFE**'s article on Houston (Oct. 26, 1946) increased new industry and also attracted many important visitors here."



Entrepreneur Glenn H. McCarthy, oilman and owner of Houston's Shamrock Hotel: "Although I am not always in agreement with **LIFE** as to policy or subject matter, it is necessary to admit its influence on the American scene."

FUN'S-A-COOKIN'—WITH PLENTY OF PEPSI!

More Bounce to the Juice



Why take less... when Pepsi's best!

On Television see Faye Emerson weekly over CBS-TV—
On Radio hear Phil Regan weekly over CBS



NUBIAN SLAVE MINISTERS TO BATHSHEBA, AN ISRAELITE MATRON, AS SHE DISROBES FOR BATH DESTINED TO CATCH THE WANDERING EYE OF KING DAVID

BIBLICAL BATH

Susan Hayward inflames the King of Israel in film extravaganza based on the Second Book of Samuel

"And it came to pass, as he went to bed, that David arose from his bed and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." (II Sam. 11:2) Those Biblical words have been brought to a glorious cinematic life in the new movie extravaganza *Bathsheba*. While the movie is full of archaic, rural Palestine desert scenery filmed in Arizona's sun-baked pinon-juniper-palm groves, the producers had to rewrite the book's narrative and Bathsheba, who has been represented stark naked in classic paintings, is discreetly clothed by a tasteful screen

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Now! a KENTILE FLOOR

Only \$10⁹⁵*

FOR AN 8'x 9' ROOM

SO EASY
TO INSTALL **KENTILE**
YOURSELF... AND
SAVE MONEY!

Colors go all the way through for lasting beauty... yet **GUARANTEED KENTILE** costs little more than floor-coverings with a colored surface that wears off with use...

WHY SPEND your money for floor-coverings that aren't nearly as smart-looking...and won't stay attractive half as long...when you can have lovely easy-to-clean Kentile at such low cost!

Look under **FLOORS** in your classified telephone directory for name and address of your Kentile dealer. In Canada—at T. EATON Co., Ltd. FREE estimate will show you how surprisingly little Kentile costs.



Only **KENTILE DEALERS** can offer you these low-priced **GUARANTEED KENTILE FLOORS**

*Price quoted is for an 8' x 9' Kentile Floor, installed by you, using combination of Verde Antique and Genoa Green shown below. Your Kentile Floor may cost less or slightly more, depending on size of room, colors selected and freight rates to your city.

KENTILE, Inc. • 58 SECOND AVE. • Dept. AA 1 • BROOKLYN 15, N.Y.

LOOK! HANDY KEN-KIT

contains every tool you need to install your own Kentile Floor. Also easy-to-follow instructions booklet. At your Kentile dealer's.



Here's the floor anyone can lay—and thousands are doing it! Kentile is precision-cut to go down quickly and simply over any smooth, firm underfloor—even in odd-shaped rooms.

Colors of Kentile shown—Genoa Green & Toledo Red



Dirt can't penetrate the smooth surface of your Kentile Floor—occasional no-rub waxings keep it bright and clean as new. Take your choice of 26 glorious colors—ideal beauty for any room.

Colors of Kentile shown—Lamartine and Veined Carnelian

KENTILE®

The Asphalt Tile of
Enduring Beauty





Here come tastier gin drinks— Imported Botanicals are the secret

"Wonderful!" people say—when they taste a Martini, Bronx or Rickey made with Hiram Walker's Gin. Yes, the host gets a cheer, but—

To give this grand gin its tastier goodness, it takes men from many lands—the men who raise our rare IMPORTED BOTANICALS. Cassia from Indo-China, Valencia peel from Spain, juniper from Italy—

and many other delicate herbs, roots and berries that give Hiram Walker's Gin its superlative flavor.

To these finest "vintage year" botanicals Hiram Walker adds its years of distilling skill. No wonder so many prefer this truly great gin.

In your next Martini, Bronx or Rickey—try Hiram Walker's Gin.

90 proof Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN



AND CEMENT INDUSTRIES PREDOMINATE. IN HOUSTON, AS IN CITY AFTER CITY, LIFE HAS MORE READERS THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE.

should be as personal . . . and that LIFE's influence on the culture, business and industry of Houston should be as profound . . . as the examples below show.

In city after city in America, the examples of LIFE's effect differ only as these cities do from one another. For with half the nation reading LIFE*, it has become part of the commerce and culture, the enlightenment and entertainment of Americans everywhere.

* From *A Study of the Accumulative Audience of LIFE* by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. This study measures the number of people over age 10 who read a single issue of LIFE (23,950,000) and reveals how this audience accumulates—as occasional readers are added to regular readers—to a total of 62,600,000 different people, in thirteen issues.

ITS INFLUENCE IS OFTEN PROFOUND . . .



Viewing Remington painting is young visitor to Houston's Museum of Fine Arts. After LIFE showed painting, Curator Ruth Uhler reported "a big rise in attendance. Countless people asked to see the painting."



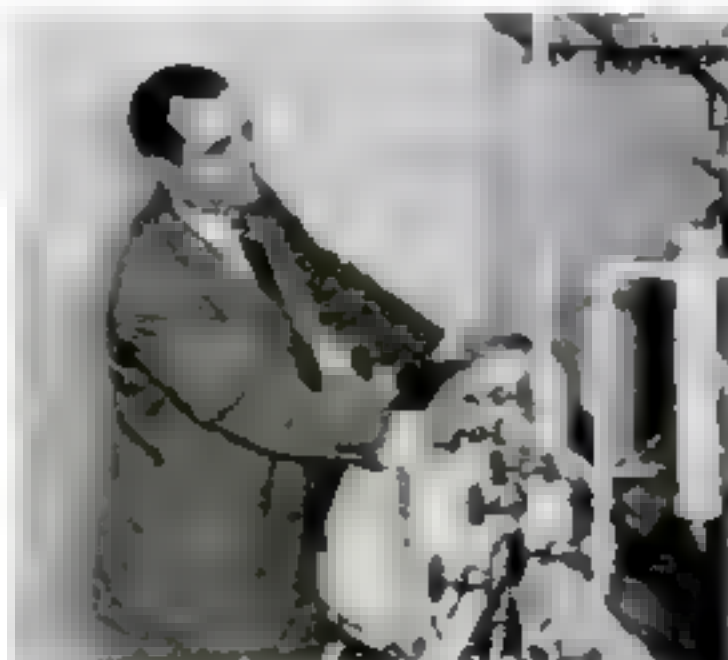
Speaking of LIFE's influence on culture, Oveta Culp Hobby, Exec. V. P. of *The Houston Post* and former WAC Commander, says: "LIFE extends the frontiers of information in art, science, medicine and education."



Swarming into Foley's, Federated Dept. Store, are some of the 594,321 people living in Houston (61% of them read LIFE.) Says first Vice-president Maurice Lazarus: "LIFE's influence on America's buying habits, especially on Mrs. Housewife's, is reflected in our daily sales." Foley's regularly promotes products advertised in LIFE. Important to retailers: 2 out of 3 Americans in middle and upper economic groups read LIFE.*



Showing fashions at Sakowitz Bros. is attractive Houston model (shown with Bernard Sakowitz). Say Vice-presidents of store, Simon and Bernard Sakowitz: "We feel the impact of LIFE on Houston in our customers' requests for the fashions and fads reported in its pages. LIFE has influenced many fashion trends that reached major selling importance in our store." More than 17 million women, aged from 20 to 45, are in LIFE's audience.*



Inspecting rice processing is President Gordon Harwell of Converted Rice Co., who says: "We chose LIFE as our first national sales medium because it seems to be read by nearly all our prospects."



Charting Texas oil fields is Humble Oil & Refining Pres. Hines Baker, who says: "LIFE's stories on basic American industries set new standards for accuracy." 70% of business executives read LIFE.*



Up... Up... Up!



"OUR REPUTATION SEEMS
TO GROW EVERY DAY,
WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE, MORE
AND MORE DISCRIMINATING
PEOPLE ARE ENJOYING
BLACK AND WHITE SCOTCH.
ITS QUALITY AND CHARACTER
NEVER CHANGE!"



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

"David and Bathsheba" CONTINUED

PASSION AND PIETY PACK FILM



THE LOVERS, David and Bathsheba, consort together after he has had a brief glimpse of her taking an evening bath. Soon David, played by Gregory Peck, gets her with child.



FOR ADULTERY, a violation of sacred Hebrew law, a woman in David's kingdom is stoned to death. This incident reminds David how seriously he himself has transgressed against the Almighty's law.



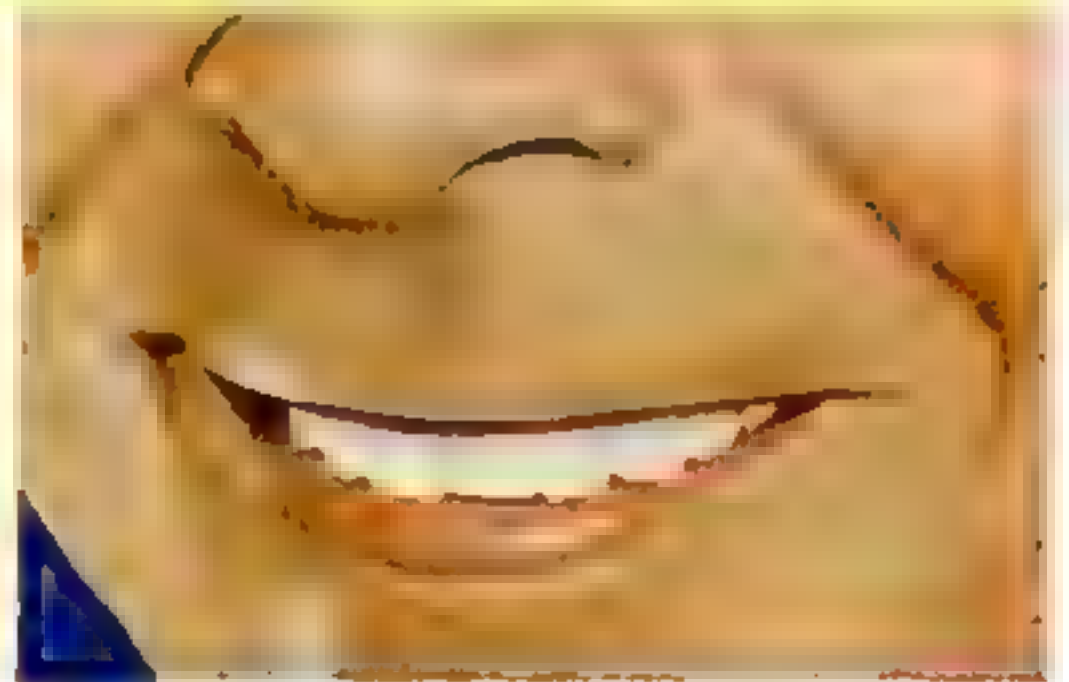
DESPERATE DAVID tries to persuade Bathsheba's warrior husband Uriah to join Bathsheba at home and thus appear later to be father of her child. Honest Uriah, having sworn to abstinence during battle, firmly refuses to comply.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

\$500,000.00 CASH PRIZES

Can you identify these 3 famous PEPSODENT SMILES?

and write a winning statement in 25 additional words or less beginning "I like PEPSODENT because..."



1 Top comedian, whose trouping for Uncle Sam made him a World War II legend. Favorite song: "Thanks For The Memory." Known for his below-par golf, his "aki-jump" nose and—THAT PEPSODENT SMILE!



2 Famous for her figure... first fame in "The Outlaw"... married to a football hero... now starring in RKO's "His Kind of Woman"... she's tall, brunette... a special knockout with THAT PEPSODENT SMILE!



3 Crooner turned tough guy—he's the two-fisted star of pictures like the new "One Never Knows." Also famous as radio detective, "Richard Diamond." Singing or slugging, he's a winner with THAT PEPSODENT SMILE!

READ THESE FACTS—THEY MAY HELP YOU WIN

That Pepsodent Smile—it's a winning smile everywhere because PEPSODENT with Irium® makes teeth brighter than the average of all other leading tooth pastes combined.

That Pepsodent Smile—it's a smile of confidence every time because PEPSODENT's exclusive film-removing formula removes the "bad breath" germs that hide in film.

That Pepsodent Smile—it's the smile of one who knows America's Number One tooth paste value—PEPSODENT! The only tooth paste with Irium. The only tooth paste with PEPSODENT's exclusive film-removing formula and brighter-polishing ingredients. The only tooth paste with that wonderful, cool, minty taste!... And the big ECONOMY SIZE offers you over 8 times as much tooth paste as a small-size tube with a total saving of 20¢!



SO EASY! 5,556 CASH PRIZES! ENTER NOW!

\$10,000 1ST PRIZE \$3,000 2ND PRIZE \$1,000 3RD PRIZE \$500 4TH PRIZE

TWO \$250 PRIZES FIFTY \$100 PRIZES FIVE HUNDRED PRIZES OF \$10.00 FIVE THOUSAND PRIZES OF \$5.00

BONUS! To introduce more millions to ECONOMY SIZE PEPSODENT, every winner of a \$100 prize or more enclosing both blue end flaps from ECONOMY SIZE package gets an extra \$100 Bonus Prize!

MAIL TODAY! Use this Official Entry Blank! You may win up to \$10,000 Cash!



Write in below the names of the stars who flash these 3 famous PEPSODENT SMILES

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____

and complete this statement in 25 additional words or less

I like PEPSODENT because... _____

Mail to PEPSODENT, P. O. Box 364, New York 46, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Above is my entry. I enclose both end flaps from any PEPSODENT Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder or Antiseptic package.

(End flaps from ECONOMY SIZE PEPSODENT Tooth Paste make you eligible for that additional \$100 Bonus Prize. Print your name and address.)

CONTESTANT'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Follow these Easy Rules

1. First, write in the correct identities of these three famous PEPSODENT SMILES and then write a statement of not more than 25 additional words beginning—"I like PEPSODENT because..."

2. Send in as many entries as you like. Write each on separate piece of paper or on the Entry Blank at right (additional Entry Blanks available at store where you buy PEPSODENT). Attach to each entry both end flaps from any PEPSODENT Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder or Antiseptic package. Mail to PEPSODENT, Box 364, New York 46, N. Y. Be sure to use enough postage.

3. Winners of \$100 prizes or more who enclosed both blue end flaps from the ECONOMY SIZE Pepsodent will receive an additional \$100 Bonus Prize.

4. Statements will be judged for originality, sincerity and freshness of thought. Judging to be performed by the competent and impartial judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. Decision of the judges is final. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Each entry submitted must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her own name. No entries returned. All entries and ideas therein contained become the property of Lever Brothers

Company for any use it deems fit.

5. Contest open now. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight Oct. 15, 1951, and received not later than Oct. 25, 1951.

6. Contest open to all persons in the United States, its territories and possessions, except employees of Lever Brothers Company, its subsidiaries and associated companies, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all state and local laws and regulations.

7. Winners notified by mail. Complete list of winners sent to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



He well and truly tries

THE SUMMONS comes in the mail, and the people go forth to answer.

The clerk leaves his counter, the executive his desk, the mechanic his factory, the housewife her kitchen. For a little while, and not without reluctance, each lays aside his work and his business, for a weightier business calls him.

Now he must decide a man's fate.

"Do you solemnly swear that you will well and truly try, and a true deliverance make, in the case of The People against John Doe, so help you God?"

"I do," says the clerk, the executive, the mechanic, the housewife. And they sit down in the jury box, awkward in their Sunday best, to hear the story of a stranger in trouble, who is no concern of theirs...

Or is he? Suddenly through the rattling of the hard words, through the clatter of questions, answers, motions, objections,

there comes to each juror a small voice saying. *This is my concern.*

The future that hangs in the balance here is mine.

The accused man might be me. If he is innocent, I must save him, as I would want to be saved. If he is guilty, I must save my children, my neighbors and myself from others like him. I am here to see that no wrong is done, either by many men to one man, or by one to many. I must be careful and wise as never before, for the verdict I will vote on here is whether I the clerk, I the executive, I the mechanic, I the housewife, am good enough to make freedom work.

You can see a change come upon the face of a juror who has heard the voice. And when at last he goes with the others into that small, locked room to seek the truth, he takes with him one truth never to be forgotten. He has learned that the ways of freedom are strenuous ways, to be enjoyed only as long as all men well and truly try.

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



DAVID IS DENOUNCED by Nathan the Prophet who says God has visited a drought upon Israel because David had Uriah killed in order to marry Bathsheba. David prays for forgiveness and begs God to recall his pious boyhood.



YOUNG DAVID, in flash back scene, demonstrates his fearless piety by killing the pagan giant Goliath (right) with his slingshot.



GOD'S FORGIVENESS descends upon David in form of a torrential rain which ends drought and movie. Though some critics have found *David and Bathsheba* a little stodgy, it is proving to be one of year's biggest money-makers.

Spark your hair with brighter, richer color

Not a tint! Not a dye!

Shasta is a super cleansing shampoo. Contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift.



BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For new Shasta Cream Shampoo contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color shines through in all its splendor.



BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Super cleansing Shasta removes that color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean—your own true color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.



RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. New Shasta Cream Shampoo sparks your hair with brighter, richer color. Not artificial color. But your own true shade, glistening through "super" clean hair.



GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. The secret is Shasta's amazing sparkle-giving cleanser. That's why—after shampooing with New Shasta Cream Shampoo, *all* hair color looks brighter, richer.



..... **Big Economy Jar** **89¢** also 57¢ and 29¢
4 full ounces ...

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR



THE BUSINESS PART OF A B-36, ITS BOMB BAY, STANDS OPEN AT CARSWELL FIELD AS CREWMAN IN ITS UPPER REAR TURRET CHECKS SOME OF ITS 16 20-MM CANNON.



SAC

THE STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND HAS ITS BIG PLANES READY FOR INTERCONTINENTAL WAR

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

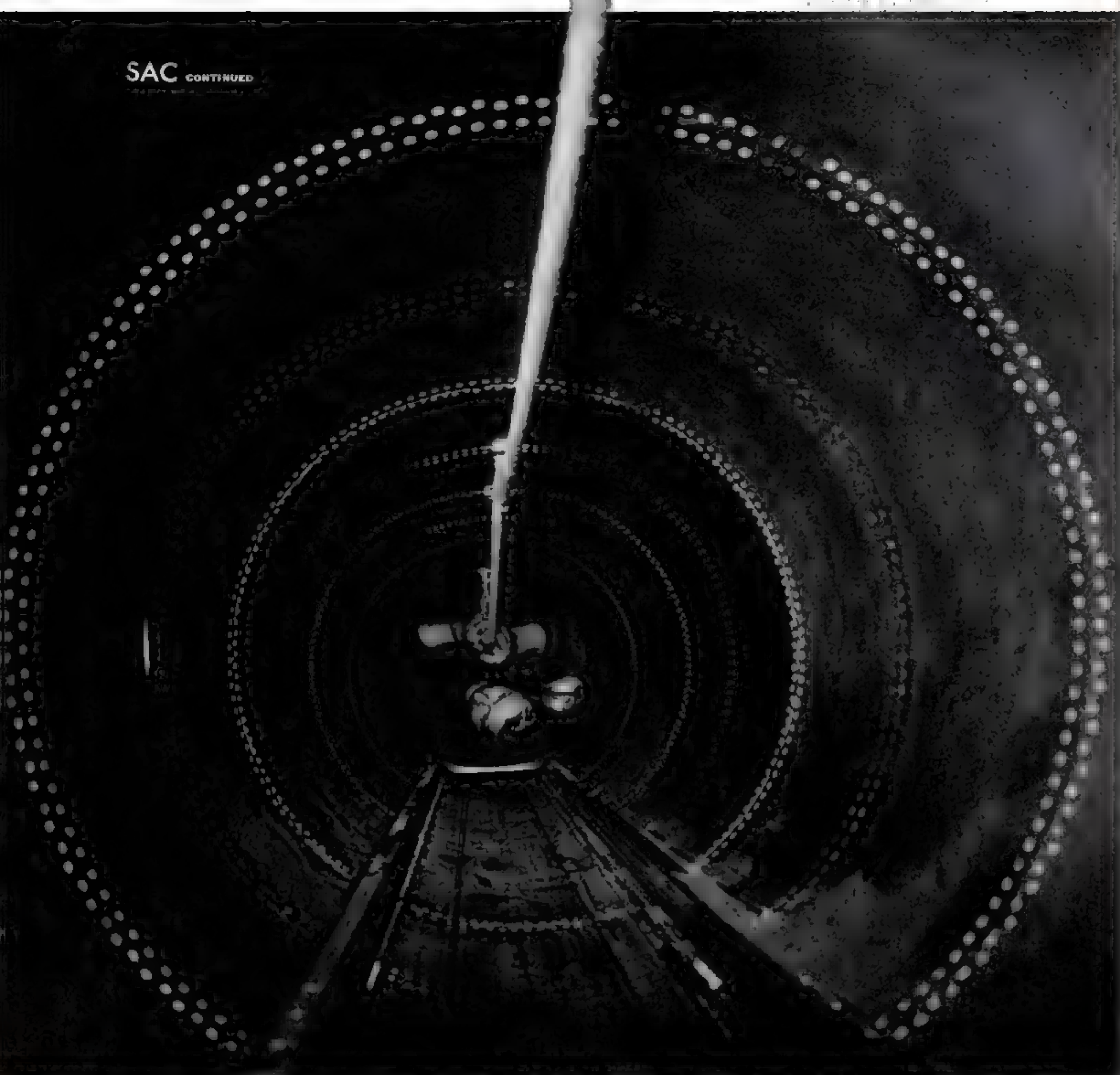
Now and then in the warm nights last July people in Binghamton, N.Y. heard huge engines high above and wondered idly what plane had passed. This month the Air Force told them. Forty times in 30 days an industrial target in their city had been skillfully, accurately and theoretically wiped off the face of the earth by the heavy bombers of the U.S. Strategic Air Command, flying unseen eight miles up. SAC's planes had come vast distances. Some had taken off at Fort Worth with a dummy atom bomb, flown over Seattle, beaten off a fighter attack over the Rockies, made a visual bomb run in the Midwest. After attacking Binghamton they returned to Fort Worth, sometimes by way of Florida, all without touching the ground. A mere change in flight plan could have sent the planes to Asia and back. They are the one great, combat-ready striking force in a threatened world where the ultimate in destruction can be ferried in a bomb bay across whole oceans and continents so that one distant nation can brutally wound another with no warning, without armies, in the dark, on a stormy night.

In this age of the air, SAC is the very essence of airpower, and airpower, to hear the airmen talk, is the key to survival as well as the only decisive means of striking back at an attacker. If an atomic attack should come, SAC's first effort would be to prevent the enemy from continuing to destroy U.S. cities, and the surest way to do this would be to destroy his strategic air force on the ground. SAC plans, therefore, first to attack his long-range air force and simultaneously his ground troops, should they advance. Then SAC would direct its might against the industrial complex which feeds the enemy war machine. The airmen are not alone in their conviction that airpower is the only effective protection against an enemy with atomic weapons more terrible than those of World War II. In Congress their views have found strong support from influential Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and Representative Vinson of Georgia, powerful chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. Both men have now advocated upsetting the Army-Navy-Air Force balance which keeps the services roughly equal in strength in favor of an Air Force so strong, efficient and alert that no enemy can attack without risking instant, swift and crippling retaliation.

Such an increase in the strength of the Air Force will surely be a matter for public debate. It might cost the taxpayers as much as \$30 billion in 1953 and would certainly beef up the ranks of the Tactical Air Command and the Air Defense Command along with those of SAC, which is described on the following 12 pages. Huge, complex and expensive, SAC is a sample of what such taxes pay for. In any war it will be up to SAC bombers and crews to strike the first quick offensive blow. The intercontinental B-36s, which can trundle from Washington to Moscow and back as handily as a World War II bomber could fly between London and Berlin, will strike from U.S. fields. SAC medium bombers, the B-29s and B-50s and very soon the new Boeing all-jet B-47s will move quickly to overseas bases, doubling their range, if necessary, with aerial refueling. It will not be like World War II, when fleets of heavy bombers roared time and again over enemy targets, slowly reducing them to ruins. Then, as SAC's commander, Lieut. General Curtis LeMay tells his B-36 crews, the Americans and British took four years to drop 2,700,000 tons of bombs on Germany. Now the equivalent amount of destruction could be dropped in less than 30 days. Today, if one or two atom-carrying bombers get through to each target, the enemy's critical network of war industry, transportation and industrial power can be wiped out simultaneously in a matter of months, perhaps weeks. This time element, however, works both ways, and since the U.S. by nature must receive a blow before she strikes, LeMay is keeping SAC instantly ready for war.

BOMB BAY CAPACITY IS 12,300 CUBIC FEET, THE EQUAL OF THREE FREIGHT CARS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 87



TRAVELING TO PLANE'S NOSE FROM ITS REAR COMPARTMENT, A B-36 FLIGHT ENGINEER PULLS HIMSELF ON HIS BACK ON A TROLLEY. IN FLIGHT THIS TUBE IS PRESSURIZED



CHECKING A JET a ground crewman slides inside a pod to look for burned spots on the turbine blades.

B-36 IS A COMPLEX GIANT

The B-36 is one plane that will bear the brunt of the first atomic strike. As if exacting payment for its performance figures (designed to carry 10,000 pounds of bombs and fly 10,000 miles) it has inexorably become the most complicated airplane ever flown. Inside its gleaming wings and body are 27 miles of electrical wiring, 72 electric motors, 2,000 electronic tubes and a mile and a half of control cable. Enough hot air blows through the de-icing system in its wings and propellers to heat 120 five-room houses. Its six propeller-driven pusher engines can turn up a fantastic 21,000 hp, and the four jet engines in the wing-tip pods can blast out 21,000 more. In the air the monstrous ship has grace and beauty and a speed of better than 400 mph. But on

the ground it is a problem. Few hangars will hold it. Crewmen caring for it sometimes get badly hurt by falls from its 230-foot-long wings and the simple process of going from the front to the rear compartment necessitates an 85-foot trip on a miniature railway past the bomb bay (*above*). But outweighing every difficulty is the fact that it is the only U.S. plane that now packs the long-range knockout punch.

No military plane, however, is ever final and up to date. Already the Air Force is working with Convair on a new swept-wing, all-jet version of the B-36 to be called the B-60 and has requested the money for four of Boeing's new, secret, all-jet, long-range B-52s, the first models of which may cost as much as \$21 million apiece.



AT HIGH ALTITUDE a B-36D streaks through the sky 41,000 feet over Wichita, Kan., leaving fluffy white contrails in the cold thin air. These contrails, which occur

under certain climatic conditions, are a problem for B-36 which strikes alone and which, without them, would be unseen. Picture was taken from B-47 (tail at left).



IN THE DOCK B-36 gets routine check. To repair rudder, men must use specially designed 55-foot portable scaffold. To work on engines they use a movable, roofed

platform which fits over plane wings (right) as ship is too big to fit in any ordinary hangar. To reach wings and tail surfaces they must use 30-foot folding staircase.



AS HIS BOMBARDIER POINTS AT THE MAP, UPTON BRIEFS HIS CREW ON CONTINENT-CIRCLING TRAINING MISSION

TEAMWORK FLIES THE HEAVIES

The aircraft commander of today's B-36 must be as much administrator as pilot. On his shoulders rests the responsibility for delivering an atom bomb, the safety of his crewmen and the fate of his \$5 million airplane. Furthermore the frosty eye of General LeMay is constantly on his performance record and that of his crew. A SAC crew, like that of Major Julian Upton, 32, shown on these pages, becomes a businesslike group of experienced professionals. Upton's crew, which is stationed at Carswell Air Force Base, in Fort Worth, Texas, averages 29 years of age and nine years of Air Force service. Among them they have 28 children. Because they are a "select" crew, rated topmost in efficiency and

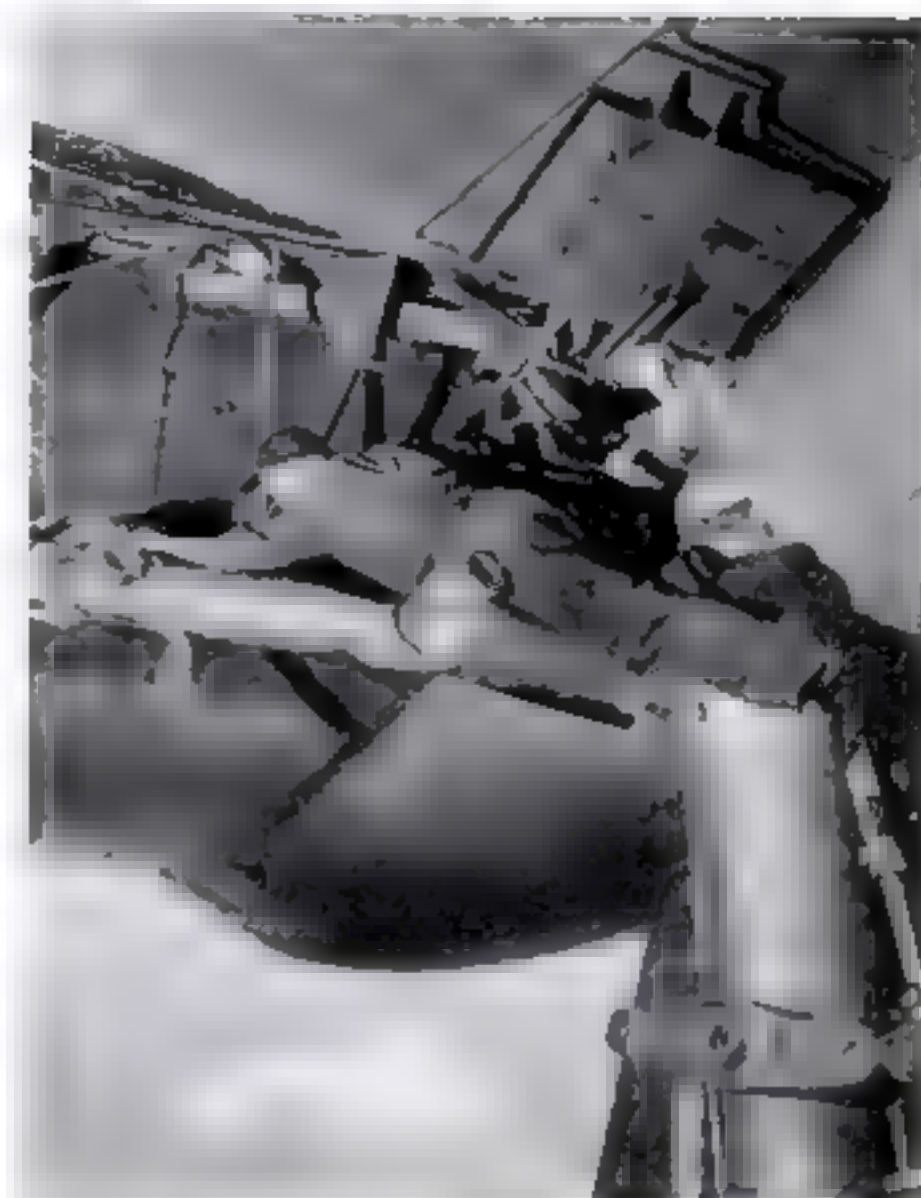
with an enemy target already assigned them, they must ordinarily never be more than an hour away from their airplane. They are in the air together for literally days at a time on missions like the one plotted on the map above (7,200 miles, 6 bomb runs, 2 fighter attacks, 29 states, 36 hours). Though Upton himself has over 3,500 flying hours, and his other two pilots 5,200 between them, they must still go through an elaborate check list before making a motion. Even before the aircrew takes over the plane, the ground crew makes a thorough check (about six hours). Then, preparing for take-off, the aircrew checks for another hour to an hour and a half (more than 600 different items).



UPTON'S B-36 CREW consists of (left to right, squatting) Captain Stacker, flight engineer; Captain Keever, navigator; Captain Skelton, copilot; Major Upton, aircraft commander; Captain Morford, copilot; Major Langdon, bombardier; Lieut. Bulek, nav-

igator. In the second row are: Sergeant Harvey, engineer (now a lieutenant); Sergeants Sigler and Bradbury, radio operators; Sergeant Smith, a scanner. In back are three more scanners, who man the guns. The plane's fifth scanner is away at gunnery school.

SAC CONTINUED



CHECK STARTS when scanner climbs up on landing gear, removes pin which locks gear when on ground.



POWER PANEL is checked with a voltmeter held by Skelton as Upton (background) watches from his seat.



STARTING JETS, Upton reaches for controls after finishing check list held by copilot (foreground).



FOOD, to be cooked by crewmen in flight, is examined by Major Langdon.



RADIO EQUIPMENT is tested. Plane has six receivers, three transmitters.



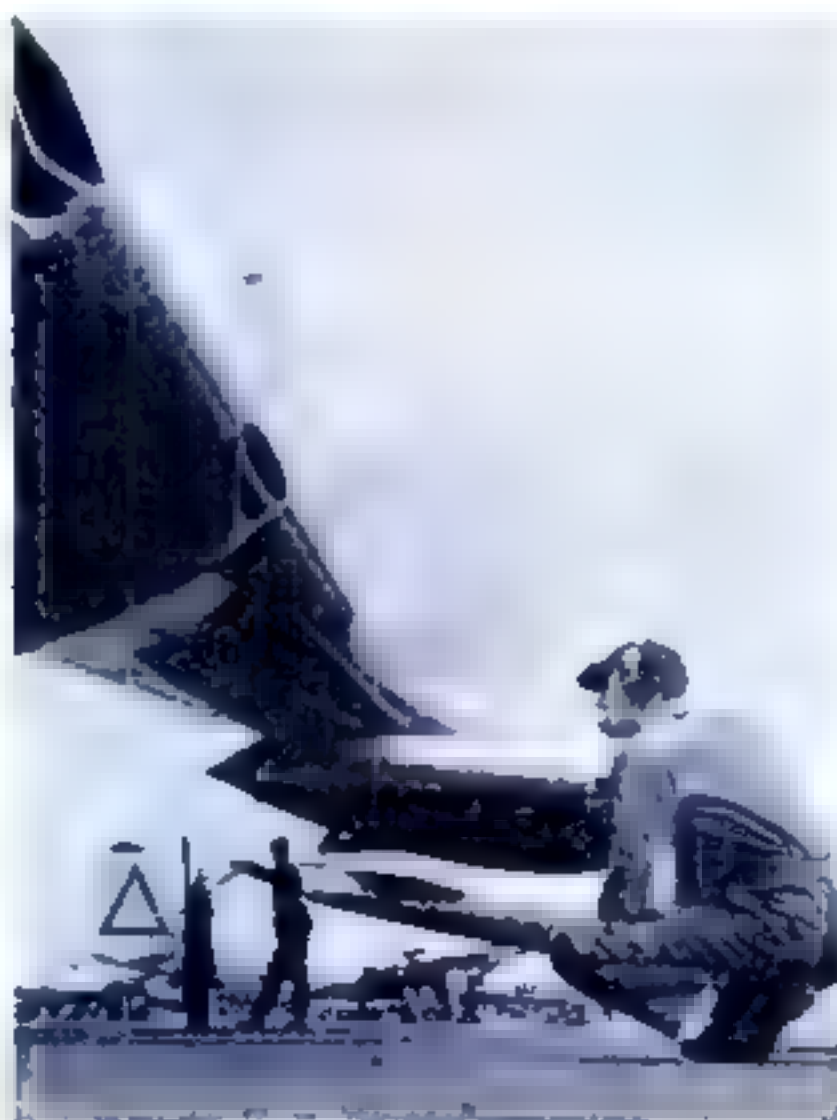
WIRING is inspected by Harvey, in wing passageway which is 7½ feet high.



NO. 3 ENGINE is checked by Harvey, in wing which can be entered in flight.



ENGINE RUN-UP is begun by Harvey, who sits at the engineer's panel behind pilot and controls engines.



ENGINE WATCH is kept by a crewman with phones since neither pilot nor engineer can see the engines.



BOMB BAY INSPECTION is made by Upton. In war he would use this passage to arm the atom bomb.



TAKE-OFF POSITIONS are assumed on bunks in rear compartment. At left and right scanners tell pilot condition of engines and position of wheels as plane taxis



CHECKING EQUIPMENT, men try masks and clothing they will wear at high altitude. Plane is pressurized, but masks are kept handy in case of pressure failure.



ARCTIC EQUIPMENT, always carried in case crews bail out in Far North, consists of mukluks, masks,

hooded parkas. Plane also carries rafts, guns, axes, Mac Wets, sleeping bags and an emergency radio.

SAC CONTINUED

"I'LL MONITOR YOUR BREATH"

Something of the tension which exists in the thin air of the stratosphere, where SAC's men spend so much of their time, is told by LAF's Margaret Bourke-White. In photographing SAC's story she carried her cameras, first in a T-33, then in a new B-17, to altitudes above 40,000 feet.

Pat Fleming, pilot of the Shooting Star, the jet from which we would work, checked the Plexiglas dome to make sure it would close down tight when I was all strapped in with parachute, oxygen mask and crash helmet like a football player. He worried whether with four cameras in my lap and lenses and film stuffing out all the pockets of my Air Force coveralls I would be able to reach my oxygen, and he was afraid that I would forget to watch the "blinker"—a dial with a pair of ugly yellow lips opening and closing to tell you if your oxygen is flowing smoothly. At 41,000 feet the atmosphere in our pressurized cabin would be the equivalent of air at 28,000 in which a man without extra oxygen will black out and die in a matter of minutes. Pat cautioned me that when you're breathing insufficient oxygen you get a lazy, happy-go-lucky feeling. Seconds later you're out cold. "Be sure and keep watching your fingernails," he warned. "If they're turning blue you're not getting enough oxygen." I looked down at my nails, regretting that my manicurist had just lacquered them. It was a new shade called "Where's the Fire."

"Nevermind," Pat reassured. "I'll monitor your breath on the interphones so I'll know if you're passing out." After all, if Lieut. Colonel Pat Fleming had shot up 25 Japanese planes during World War II, presumably he would take care of this flight too. By that time we were shooting up into the sky.

Strange things may happen in the upper air. From time to time a Plexiglas blister is sucked out into space and the helpless airman is hurtled out with it. I was struck with the thought that men were training themselves to master weird emergencies that had never arisen before on this planet. I had photographed their training in a hermetically sealed cell, the "altitude chamber" (opposite page), where the air is sucked out until conditions at high altitudes are duplicated. In these frightening trials men must remove their oxygen masks and observe their own symptoms while they are lapsing into unconsciousness. These men learn what to do during the startling process of "explosive decompression." When this occurs in flight the inside air rushes out with a great bang and a white mist covers everything. Then men must adjust their masks and oxygen supply or in a few moments they will die. I remembered someone telling me that at 61,000 feet your blood boils. I looked down at the dials in front of me and I could see that in 16 minutes we had reached 41,000 feet, where we leveled off.

I could see nothing of Pat but the back of his head and a reflection of his masked face in the mirror stuck up in front of him. It was an odd thought that here was this masked man whom I hardly knew, listening at a height of eight miles over Kansas to every breath that I breathed—bound to me, it seemed, in a new and fantastic kind of 20th Century intimacy. Through the oxygen mask one's breath does not sound alluring. It rasps, like an old rusty saw.

The sky was a color such as I've never seen, the darkest blue imaginable, yet luminous like the



BOURKE-WHITE AND CAMERA SIT STRAPPED IN B-47

hottest cobalt, too brilliant for the eyes to bear. I don't know how fast we were flying but it must have been more than 550 mph. The speed of sound is 650 at the altitude we were flying, and pilots at these heights do sometimes cross the sonic barrier. As they approach this speed a phenomenon called "compressibility" causes some planes to shake "buffeting" they call it. Once when Pat was diving to put me in a position where I could get a shot I wanted, our plane began to buffet violently. It was a curious feeling, as if we were bumping against something.

Pat had actually crossed sound, he told me later, in one plane designed for the purpose, the X-1, by having himself launched from a larger plane. Crossing the barrier everything became silent for Pat, for he was flying so fast that he had left sound behind him. But the shock waves from his plane rolled down like a bomb and reached earth with the roar of an explosion, rattling doors and breaking windows.

To get pictures of the B-36 bomber, Pat flew me in a B-47. Not only was I the first woman, I was told, but I was probably the only woman who ever would fly in a B-47. I was strapped in the bombardier's seat for the take-off and given instructions. If something went wrong at high altitude, I must first pull a yellow lever over my seat, which would blow off the canopy. Then I must draw out a pin under my wrist and give the knob of my chair a three-quarter turn. That would throw up a foot-rest on which I must put my feet so as not to catch a leg on the way out. I must keep my chin in so as not to break my neck. Last, I must set off an explosive charge that would catapult me and my chair into space. I would have just two to 12 seconds of "useful consciousness" in which to do this. Out in the sky I would have only two more things still to do: dispose of my chair and pull the delayed parachute knob. Then I could pass out, fall through temperatures of 60° below zero from 40,000 to 15,000 feet where my parachute would presumably open and where, if I had not broken my neck or frozen to death, I would regain consciousness. At least I knew where I would land—in Kansas in midsummer, where I would not need the masks and hoods SAC provides its Arctic flyers (opposite page).

In the B-47 I could work without having my oxygen mask over my face, but it had to be connected and ready. There was one ticklish spot: squeezing through the narrow corridor between the pilot's perch and the bombsight, which I had to negotiate without being connected to the oxygen supply. At 10,000 feet, with that meager handful of seconds of "useful consciousness," if the cabin had sprung a leak or if a Plexiglas blister had blown I would have been out of luck. But all went well.

Throughout the whole trip the only problem was the great cold seeping through the metal hull of the plane into the heated cabin. Lenses chilled, then clouded over from the warmth of my hand as I used them. Frost crystals formed on the windows until there was just one clear pane through which to shoot. Finally that too frosted over and we started down. Only then I realized that, squatting on the bombsight mount, I had been resting the toe of my shoes on the metal plane shell. I could no longer feel my foot. We had swept down from 40,000 to a mere 4,000 feet before a painful but welcome tingling showed me I still had toes.



PRESSURE BLOWOUT, which might occur if blister blew or plane was punctured at high altitude, is

experienced in ground training tank. As tank blows, haze fills the air and crewman grabs oxygen control.



SLAMMING ON MASKS, the crewmen take deep breaths. In this instance the atmosphere pressure

in tank, which had been set as of 10,000 feet altitude, dropped instantly to the pressure found at 22,000.



SAC BRAINS, headed by LeMay (right), gather in war room. Top to bottom are Major Generals Atkinson (2nd Air Force), O'Donnell (1st), Hill (8th).



SAC TARGETS for practice bombing are equipped with stations like this which measure winds aloft with balloon, watch bomber, plot fall of theoretical bomb.



SAC'S EYES are its reconnaissance planes like this four jet engine RB-45 which has a painted eyeball on nose that opens electrically to uncover a camera

lens. On the ground are the half million dollars of lenses, cameras, magazines and filters that permit this plane, cruising high and fast by day or night,

ITS GUARD IS ALWAYS UP AND ITS EYES WIDE OPEN

Because the immense destruction SAC can deal is packed in single bombs rather than in thousands of small ones, SAC's target information must be incredibly precise. To supply it SAC has built a reconnaissance force of 550-mph B-45s (above), stripped-down B-29s and specially built B-36s with cameras that can map 3,600 square miles at a snap. In war these will get pinpoint information to implement SAC's peacetime target research.



to map the smallest detail of enemy territory. This plane, part of the 324th Strategic Reconnaissance Sq., a Iron which is at Shreveport, La., carries pilot,

copilot and a radar navigator who sits, surrounded by his instruments, under a small skylight in the nose and operates the 11 cameras carried in flight.

But information is not enough. The crews must be able to drop the deadly load just where it belongs. To keep a constant check on accuracy SAC has set up radar target stations in U.S. cities. On training missions the big bombers make runs on targets near these stations and, watched by the station radar, signal a theoretical "bombs away." Then the station plots the point where the bomb would fall and sends the score to General LeMay

in his Omaha headquarters. In five years accuracy has improved 500%.

While keeping itself in offensive trim, SAC must also watch its defenses. On its bases SAC considers every man is a potential saboteur until he proves himself otherwise. Armed guards patrol the ramps, grilling the rare civilians and carefully checking the credentials of every casual airman. On most SAC bases all officers and men carry arms when on duty.



SAC COOKS, like all other personnel at Barksdale Field, in Shreveport, La., carry arms and ammunition when on duty or marching to work (above).



SAC SECURITY is almost an obsession in U.S. bases where armed guards patrol day and night. Here they check unoccupied B-36 at Carswell Air Force Base.



FLYAWAY KITS, aluminum boxes on wheels, fit in the bomb bays of medium squadrons and carry

enough spare parts to last planes 30 days, are unloaded from a B-50 at a base outside the U.S.



SPARE ENGINES arrive at an advance base in SAC's support planes which follow the bombers

carrying ground crews and, if needed, cooks, police, vehicles. Here C-124 unloads engine for B-50.



OUTSIDE THE U.S. B-50s line the snowy ramp of an already prepared airstrip. While the crews are here on temporary duty, they practice weather, navigation and bombardment and learn about

the difficulties of Arctic operation. They will also learn something about survival; each crew walks off into the icy woods for a day or two and lives entirely on the contents of a SAC survival kit.

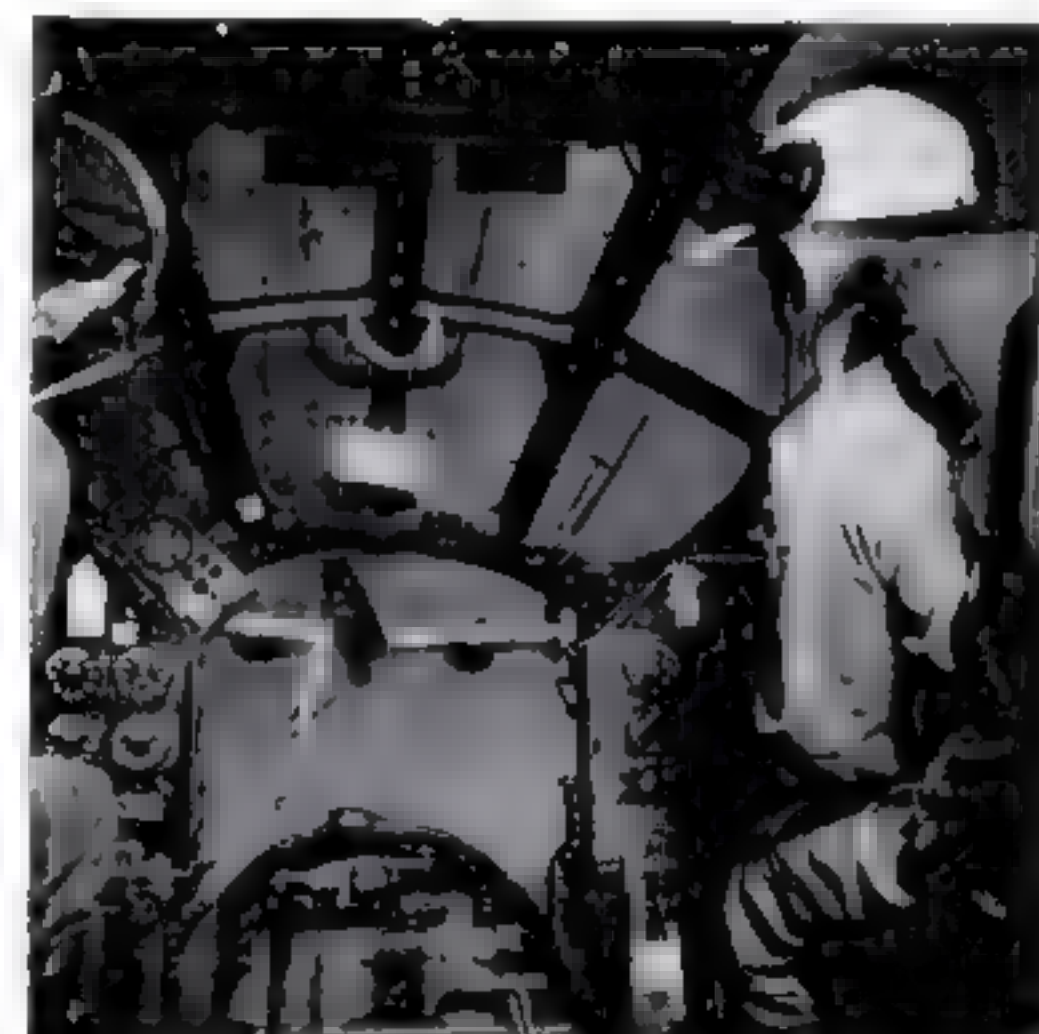
SAC CONTINUED



REFUELING IN AIR a B-29 tanker drops boom to a B-50 which has made a radar rendezvous near El Paso, Texas

BOMBERS GAS UP WHILE THEY FLY

Last year SAC was ordered to send two groups to Korea and eight days later its planes were there dropping bombs. These were B-29s, the mediums, which, with the B-50s, make up most of SAC. For SAC this lightning move was not unusually fast. On its U.S. bases the medium squadrons are ready to take off in a day, or two at most, carrying their own spare parts and engines, ground crews, air crews and personnel records almost anywhere in the world. With them will go tankers and support planes. If nearby bases are denied them by the enemy, they will strike from more distant ones, stretching their range with their refueling fleet. To fight efficiently the squadrons should be based overseas, hence they are never permitted to take root in the U.S. Today's medium crews go about their work with their bags packed, medical records up to date and affairs in order. And their readiness is constantly put to test. By now SAC's medium squadrons are thoroughly accustomed to last-minute orders from General LeMay, sending them on temporary duty (left), anywhere from Okinawa to Greenland.

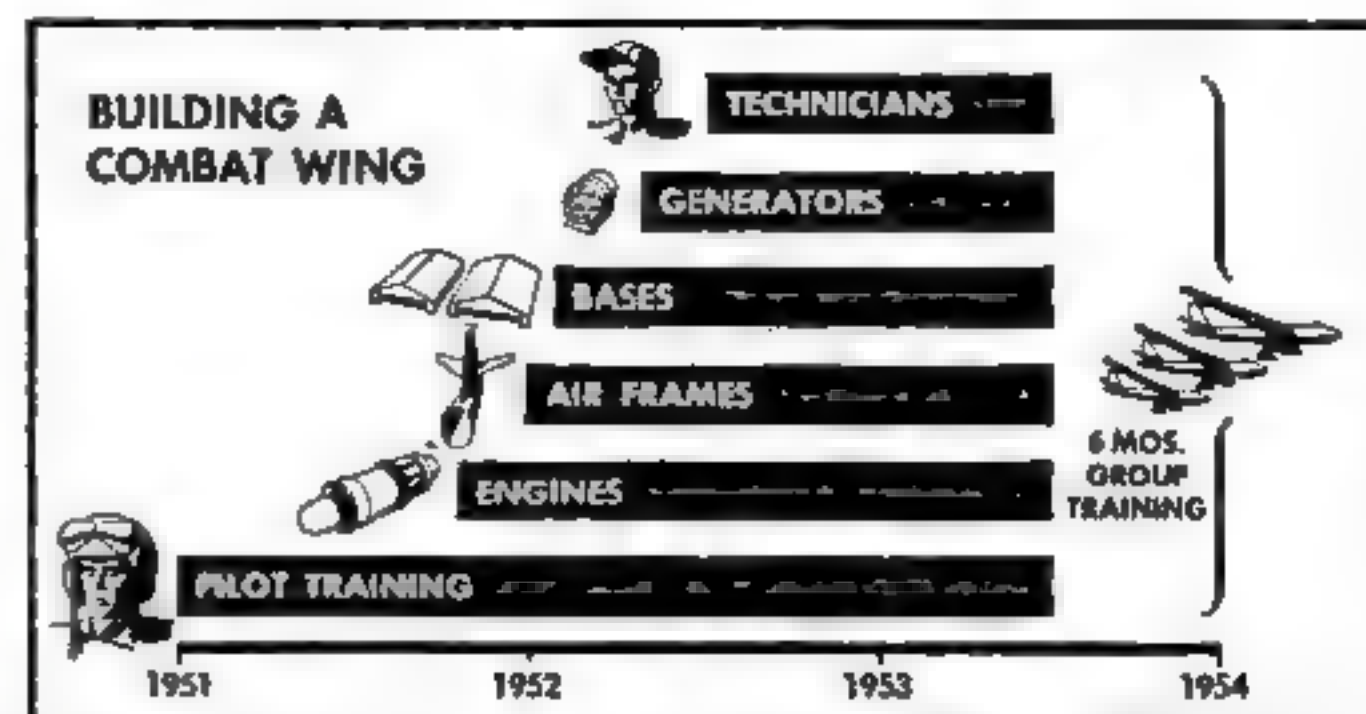


MAKING A CONTACT, pilots of a B-50 fly their bomber into position behind and below tanker, which is trailing a refueling boom and can be seen through their nose window. How this looks from the tanker is shown on opposite page.



SEEN FROM A TANKER, the refueling operation looks like this. Picture is taken from tanker's tail as B-50 lines up to take on gas. Cranelike structure above supports refueling boom (bottom), a 47-foot telescoping pipe through which the gas is pumped. When bomber gets close enough, crewman in tanker tail, usually called

"Clancy," lowers the boom and literally flies it into position by controlling two winglike surfaces near its tip. Refueling starts when boom makes connection with receptacle above the bomber's cockpit. This new system, developed by Boeing, is supplanting British method in which bomber picks up hose with a grappling hook.



LAG TIME, the number of years it takes to build a B-47 wing and train it to battle-ready status, is approximated on this chart. Starting point is the time appropriation is made. Technician time shown is for an average technician; a specialist like a crew chief would take a good deal longer. Time shown for bases means only modification of existing bases and not the construction of new ones.

TIME IS AN ENEMY

ON Aviation Day in Moscow last July officials from the embassies who lined up to watch the usual jet planes flash by were handed a chill surprise. Leading the flying column was a new, long-nosed four-engine bomber which was at least a third bigger than the U.S. B-29. It was still smaller and less powerful than the B-36 but it served to confirm reports of Air Force Intelligence that the Soviet air force was going into the strategic bombing business in a big way.

In Russia there is little room for argument and such production can be started at command. But not in the U.S. For years now, as the B-36 program has struggled along, there have been countless squabbles as to whether the plane was really a mighty weapon or just a magnificent boondoggle. The Army, Navy, Air Force, House, Senate, Cabinet and armchair experts have all been in the act and now, as the Air Force seeks to expand, more critics are warming up for another round. This has added to the huge stumbling block that haunts all air planners, the enormous and little-understood time lag (diagram above) between the conception and the production of a military airplane.

In 1941, when now-obsolete U.S. B-17s and B-24s were just beginning to drop bombs on Europe, the B-36 was taking form on the drawing boards. In 1946, less than a year after V-J Day, the first B-36 was flown. But as late as last month, when a thoughtless congressman released the figure from a closed congressional hearing, the U.S. had only 87 jet-equipped B-36s to its name. Furthermore, as planes grow bigger, faster and more complex, crew-training time stretches from months to years. In World War I a pilot with less than 90 hours in his book was considered available, if not ready, for combat flying. In World War II the combat bomber pilot studied a year and started with some 300 hours. But today, to become an aircraft commander of a heavy bomber takes a staggering 2,000 hours of flying time, which is gained in some five years of training. Before getting this job the present-day pilot spends 13 months in flying school, another three months in B-29 transition training and then the rest of the time in mediums or as a B-36 copilot. That part of the Air Force which is begun today will be combat-ready about 1954.

Faced with this dreary time lag, it is up to the airmen to think in terms of the future. But they must still work with the technical skills of the present, and their newest planes are obsolescent even as they roll off the assembly lines. In the earliest days the B-36 could surely surpass its proudest claims. The few jet fighters that could be mounted against it had no maneuverability and less range. But then came fast, new fighters like the MIG-15 and the F-86F. To answer this the B-36 added jet engines which double its old-time power and give it at least a fair shake in the race for the target. But no one has thought of the B-36 as the ultimate bomber. Already the Air Force has started a huge production program of the new Boeing B-4's, which are fast as fighters, are able to carry the A-bomb and have medium range (3,000 miles). In the heavy-bomber league the Air Force, after consulting the drawing boards, has ordered the Boeing B-52, which is also lightning fast and all jet, but which, in gaining speed, has sacrificed a good deal of range.

There is another boggy that the airmen face. As they try to plan

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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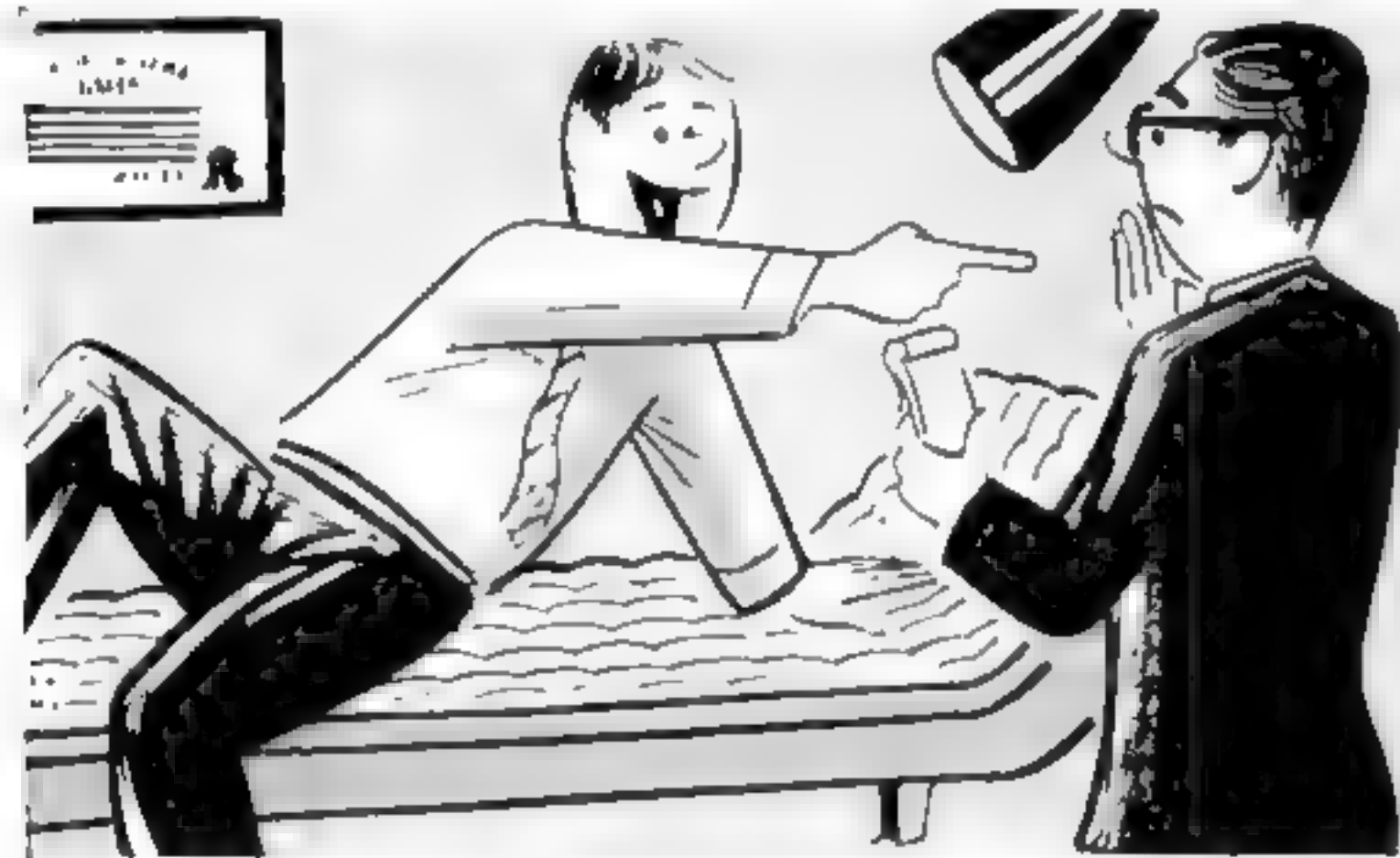
the case of the *SQUIRMING PSYCHOANALYST*



This patient came to me obviously upset. So I got him relaxed, then sat down in my chair, took out my pad and pencil, crossed my legs and started questioning him. In a few minutes, I uncrossed my legs, twisted around in my chair, gave my trousers a yank and started probing again.



He answered carefully but glanced thoughtfully at me. I started on another tack, crossed my legs, turned sideways in my chair. At which he said: "Doc... I should be squirming, not you. What's the matter?" "This underwear," I said. "It bunches, binds, creeps, crawls. Can't sit still."



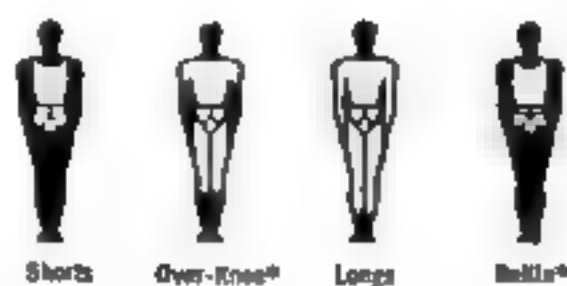
"My prescription," he said gleefully, "is to switch to Jockey brand Underwear. It fits snug and smooth, moves as you move, never bunches or binds. And it gives you real he-man support. Largest selling knit underwear in the world... and the finest." Naturally, I thanked him.



And I switched to Jockey. Bought Jockey Midway because it's perfect for everyday wear, especially in an office. And I haven't squirmed since! I can't say enough for that Jockey comfort. My patient? Oh, he was so happy solving my problems, it solved *his*. Cost me a patient but it was worth it!



Don't Settle for Less!



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Shorts

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Longs

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Feel like a million!

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Underwear made only by *Coopers*

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Most make-ups shout: "Made-up!"—
Magic Touch whispers: "Natural beauty"

Replace that heavy
"made-up" look with
natural-looking
loveliness by using
Magic Touch.
No puff, no sponge.



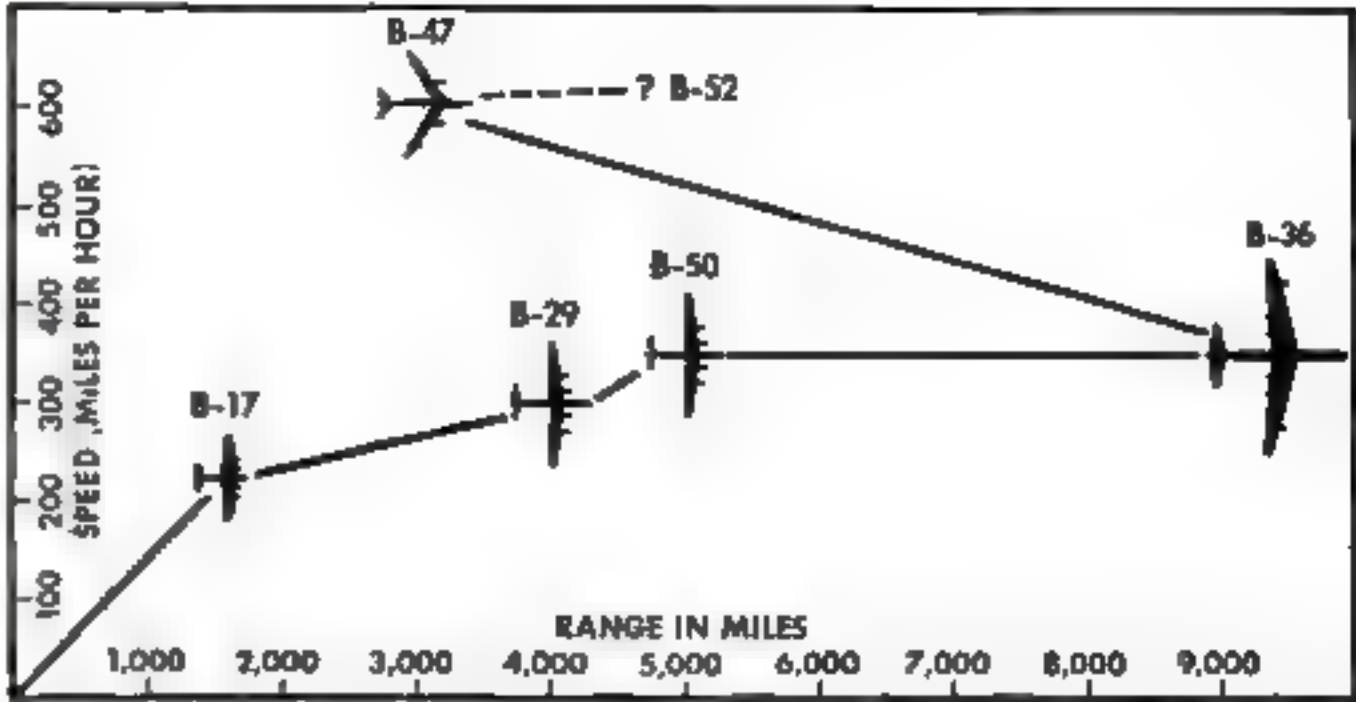
43¢ and 7.00—6 magic shades
... a CAMPANA product

Magic Touch is NEW ... a tinted cream
make-up so sheer your skin glows
through! ... yet it hides each tiny
blemish while it smooths and softens
and adds glorious color ... Apply with
fingertips (with or without powder)—
so quick, so easy, so naturally lovely!



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YOU'VE EVER SEEN

each exquisitely knit of
luxurious 100% supple
wool chenille in the most
beautiful colors ever! Stunning
one and two piece styles
in sizes 9-17 and 18-18
style shown, about \$39.95,
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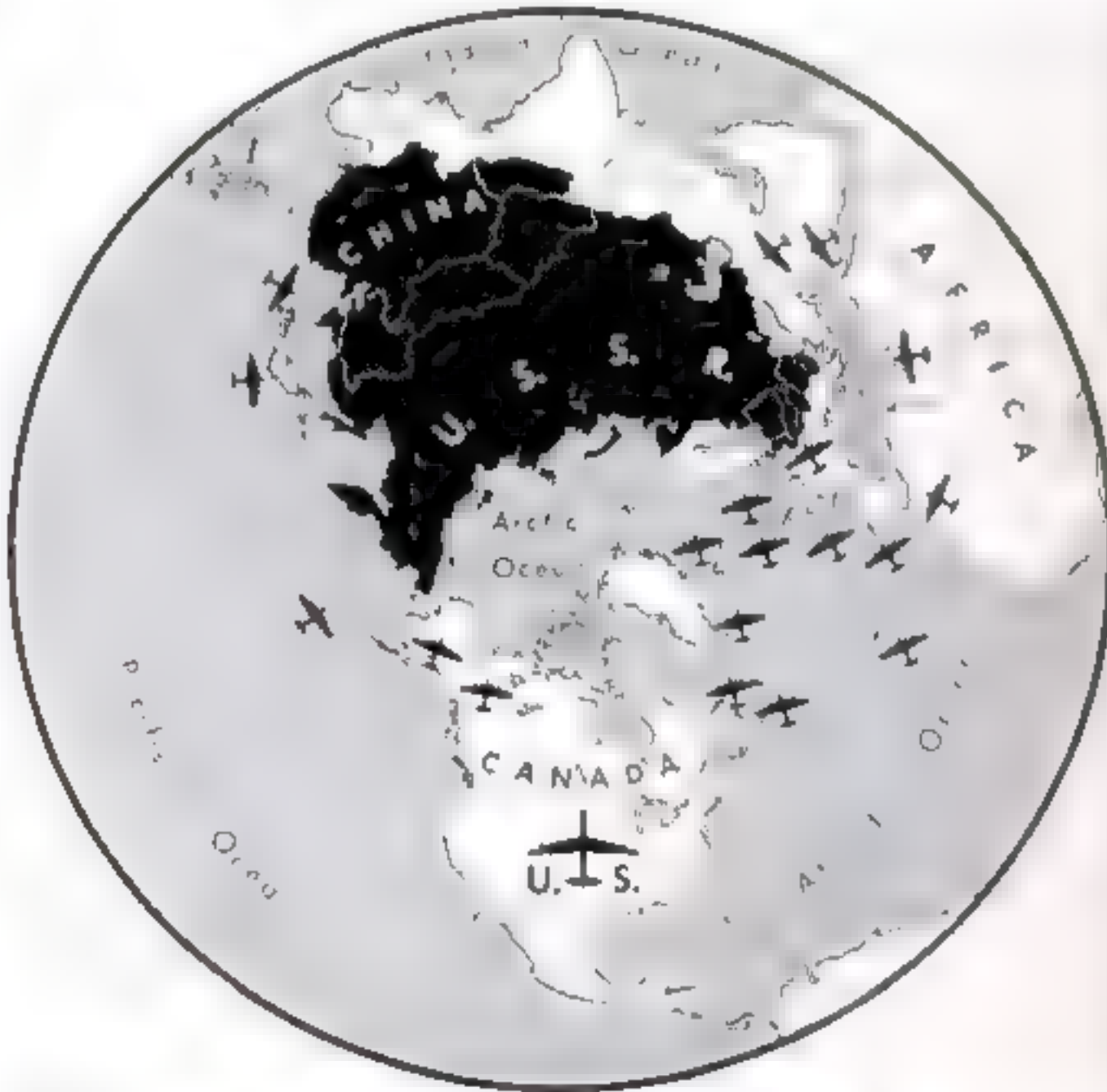


EVOLUTION OF AIRPLANES since World War II B-17 shows a vast increase in range (B-36) followed by vast increase in speed but loss of range (B-47).

SAC CONTINUED

planes for the future, they must also try to guess what kind of a world they will have to fly in. Just after Pearl Harbor, when the B-36 was first conceived, there was a danger that all Europe might be overrun and the U.S. be denied bases from which World War II heavy bombers could strike. The result of this threat was the B-36, which was regarded then as an insurance policy pure and simple—an intercontinental heavy bomber that could carry the attack abroad. Since bases abroad can now be had, it is far more efficient to use them and the medium-range B-47s. But the B-47s are so heavy and fast that present overseas runways cannot handle them. So dozens of new airfields are now being built.

Such pressures of time and change are standard in an age when nations threaten each other with untried, atomic-armed, jet-speed planes. They affect not only SAC but all three of the Air Force's fighting commands. SAC, in fact, because it is a long-range striking force, is the only one that can now know exactly where it is going. It will require only a signal to send its intercontinental bombers into action and its mediums, fighter escorts and support planes off to their bases overseas. The Tactical Air Command, whose troop carrier planes, attack bombers and fighters have the primary job of supporting ground forces, will not know what its mission is until a war starts and it finds out what kind of war it will be. Overseas bomber bases will require protection and some of this protection will certainly be supplied by TAC. The third section of the Air Forces, the Air Defense Command, has the grim job of waiting and watching. Day and night, in all kinds of weather, its fleets of fighters and its radar network must stand ready to protect U.S. cities from the bombers of the Soviet Strategic Air Command.



THE SAC SETUP consists of medium bases circling through Far East, Alaska, Greenland, Europe and Africa, and the intercontinental B-36 based in the U.S.



Ever since the advent of the wheel mankind has devoted part of its time and talents to devising wonderful machines to enchant, delight and excite children—and adults. No product of antiquity or the atomic age has proved a more durable source of pleasure than the carrousel, or merry-go-round, invented in Europe at the end of the 17th Century. This summer some 3,000 carrouseis have been whirling musically all over the country. Some are new, boasting aluminum

horses (*next page*), but a few are real museum pieces. One of the latter is the magnificent, 49-year-old, 150-passenger "El Dorado" at Steeplechase Park in Coney Island (*above*). Built in Germany, the El Dorado has 12 hand-carved pigs, 24 galloping horses, six rococo chariots and 1,500 flashing lights. The El Dorado is valued at \$250,000, and it probably will still be spinning when facts like the Atomic Bomber have yielded to the Interplanetary Dipsy-Doodle.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WILD HORSES FOR NEW CARROUSELS are "rounded up" daily in the paint shop of the Allan Herschell Co., Inc., of North Tonawanda, N.Y. Largest

and oldest U. S. merry-go-round maker, the Herschell company turns out some 900 aluminum horses each year, mounts them on about 10 carousel platforms

De Luxe:
specially
elegant...
uncommon.

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*Walker's DeLuxe is a straight Bourbon whiskey,
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

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Get fast pain relief with...

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BRISTOL-MYERS

**Acts twice as fast as aspirin!
Doesn't upset the stomach!**

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

Chips 10-timer

SIZES 4 TO 12

the all-in-one wardrobe

Here's what you get—4 units to mix or match—making 10 different, 10 wonderful outfits at the price of one! Jacket (single breasted, 3 pockets), matching trousers, contrasting trousers, reversible pullover vest (plaid and solid). Rayon and wool blend in lively new shades and patterns—ideal for school time, playtime, anytime!

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THE CARROUSEL CONTINUED



DISTINGUISHED HORSEMEN at opening of new Central Park carousel included New York's Mayor Impellitteri (left) and Park Commissioner Moses.

FROM THE PAGAN MAYPOLE TO FUN IN CENTRAL PARK

One bright, sunlit morning last month the Honorable Vincent Impellitteri, mayor of the City of New York, hoisted himself up on a spirited chestnut horse and, to the resonant rhythm of *Goodnight, Irene*, rode happily around in a circle. The mayor carried a young lady, Alanna Jane Quinn, 3, on his lap, and at intervals he and Alanna gracefully acknowledged the cheers of the crowd. Although the mayor's ride lasted only five minutes, radio commentators dwelt on it at length and newspapers reported it in detail. The tone of these reports was approving and, in some instances, ecstatic. It soon became obvious that, in opening the new Central Park carousel, Mayor Impellitteri had committed the most popular act of his public career.

The delight of sophisticated New Yorkers at the restoration of their merry-go-round was in direct proportion to the gloom they exhibited last November when the old Central Park carousel burned down. A sorrowing policeman remarked, "A park isn't a park without it has a carousel," and Park Commissioner Robert Moses declared belligerently, "Come hell or high water, the carousel must go on." Actually there was little danger that it would not. For the merry-go-round, panting, wheezing and doing serious injury to music, is considered the one essential ride by the \$100 million a year U.S. outdoor amusement park industry. It has seen the challengers come and go—the Leaping Lena, the Lindy Loop, the Rodee-O and the Magic Carpet. Over the coming Labor Day weekend three to five million Americans will ride the country's carousels.

Nor is the carousel's popularity limited to America. In Tahiti the natives believe that one lovely ride on their island merry-go-round is worth a bunch of coconuts. In France carousels range from tiny, hand-turned jobs mounted on trucks or wagons to the plush, velvet abstractions of the Bal Tabarin, which rotate an attractive assortment of undraped ladies before delighted spectators. The British call the merry-go-round the roundabout, and in other places and times it has been known as the flying horses, the hobbyhorses, the flying jennies, the jumping horses, the go-around and the Kelly goats.

Since the beginning of recorded history, people have had a strong tendency (and apparently a strong desire) to run around in circles. The merry-go-round permits them to do this while sitting down. The pagan Maypole rites of a couple of centuries B.C. may be considered the evolutionary ancestor of the carousel. The first passenger model came into being when the tree worshipers, as part of a fertility ritual, elevated a wooden disk on a pole and rode around it on their horses, with childless but hopeful women clinging to the disk's supports. A medieval

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

WHEN YOU Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

**Look for
this emblem
and what's behind it!**



- **GUARANTEED DELIVERY**...Worldwide...through 18,000 members of F.T.D. and INTERFLORA.
- **SELECTED MEMBERSHIP.** Only first-class Florists... leaders in their communities... are admitted.
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The famous Mercury Emblem identifies members of F. T. D. and INTERFLORA. The organization that gives you a bonded guaranty of delivery of FLOWERS-BY-WIRE!

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Exclusive comfort features—
"SLIPPER-FREE WHERE YOUR FOOT BENDS"
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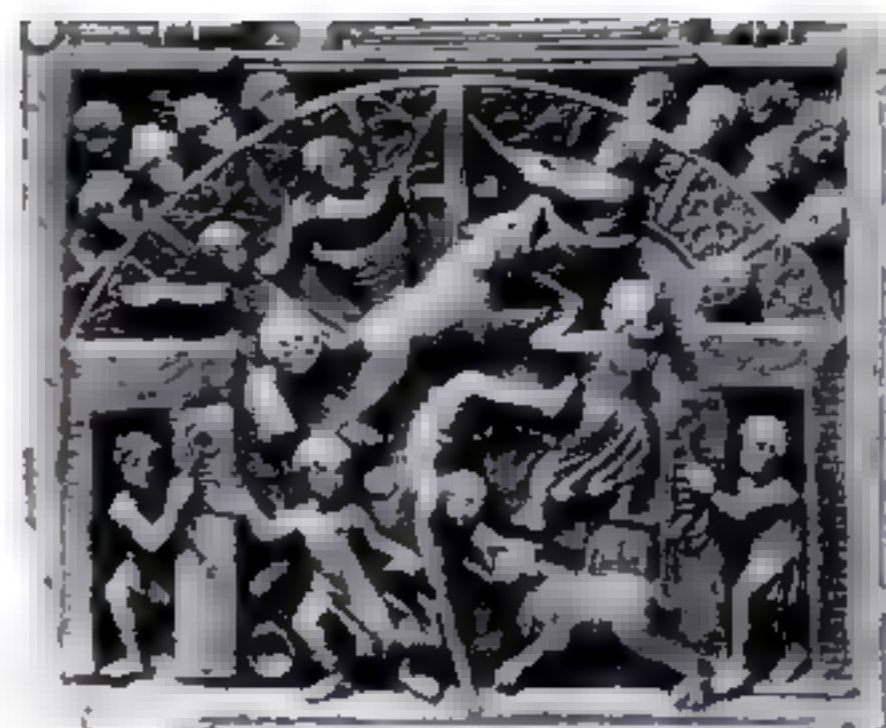
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HADLEY—566
Genuine Shell
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BANGOR—3192
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Imported Grain



MEDIEVAL MERRY-GO-ROUND as portrayed in this Byzantine bas-relief had biting bears for zest.

THE CARROUSEL CONTINUED

bas-relief from Constantinople shows a kind of aerial swing (above) with people suspended in baskets whirling above a bear pit. Mechanization did not set in until after 1662, when Louis XIV of France cast about for something to impress his teen-age mistress, Louise de la Vallière. He decided on a "carrousel," an ancient game in which plumed knights rode about a circle throwing clay balls at each other and globules of perfume at admiring ladies in the audience (in less effeminate times swords and spears were used). French toymakers, who kept as sharp an eye on the royal court as their modern counterparts do on Dick Tracy and La'l Abner, promptly devised a wooden miniature of the tournament. By about 1700 the toy had grown up into a full-sized ride.

The circumstances of the carrousel's arrival in the U.S. are controversial, but R. S. Luzzell, the 76-year-old cohistorian of the National Association of Amusement Parks, Pools and Beaches and a great friend of the jumping horses, believes a very early ride was brought in by a German named Michael Dentzel, in the early 1800s. It is certain that Dentzel's son, Gustave, who had set up shop in Philadelphia, completed the first American-made merry-go-round there in 1867. He installed it on Smith's Island, an amusement area in the Delaware River.

The Smith's Island merry-go-round was only a near cry from the present carrouseles. It had 24 horses, but it lacked an engine. The propelling agent was G. A. Dentzel. Mr. Dentzel did not put up with this situation very long. He built a horse-powered carrousel for Atlantic City, and in 1881 produced the machine that revolutionized the business—a steam-powered merry-go-round, complete with hand organ. Except for the introduction of jumping horses in 1898—they were supposed to scare pretty girls into their boyfriends' arms, and thus make a ride on the new rival roller coaster unnecessary—the basic design of the carrousel has hardly changed since Dentzel got up a head of steam.

Most merry-go-rounds now are powered by gasoline or electricity. Generally they turn counterclockwise, so riders can disembark on the right—and presumably stronger—foot (an exception is the El Dorado at Coney Island, pp. 102-103). Carrousel music is as fiercely traditional as the merry-go-round itself. Electric organs have replaced steam, but the drums, cymbals and triangles still pound out the old band organ marches, waltzes and galops, and even music lovers experience a suspension of critical judgment. The only known instance of a serious

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

FRANK-EEEEEE

it's swoonderful

They'll love red-hots with delicious Mustard-base

Hot dawg relish!

Everybody'll croon for more frankfurters because it's tempting, zingy, mouth-watering!

Shop for the 10 oz. jar at your grocer!

A Sugar 'n' Spice PRODUCT

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18TH CENTURY MERRY-GO-ROUND in Paris' Parc Monceau had seats mounted on arms extending from track on the ground. It was turned by hand.



"TEXAS HOSPITALITY," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 59 in the series "Home Life in America."

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of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*



*Beer and ale—
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Surest cure for dormitory doldrums and
wallflower rooms is a new Fieldcrest
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Have the gayest, lushest blankets, sheets
and towels ever a girl enjoyed. And pamper your
purse, too, because everything Fieldcrest
makes is loomed to last as well as look pretty.



"Horizon" spread, above, in pink, gray, sky blue, turquoise, gold, chartreuse, pizoon, sunset and white. "Laguna" plaid, at left, in red with black, blue with red, brown with yellow and brown with green. Matching draperies available.



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SELF-PROPELLED VARIATION, used in the 1890s, was economical, since riders supplied power.

THE CARROUSEL CONTINUED

criticism of merry-go-round music occurred when the unsuspecting Dentzels played *Marching through Georgia* on a carousel organ at Richmond, Va. The merry-go-round was stoned.

There is a heavy turnover in merry-go-round personnel, and few Americans have chosen to make a career of herding the flying horses. Those who have done so develop intense feelings about their profession, about children and about the importance of whirling in the American way of life. This is particularly true of Max Sesky, a gentle little man who has pulled the stop-and-go switches on the old and new Central Park carrouseles and has been addressed as "Uncle Max" by riders who include General Pershing's grandson, Edgar Bergen, Ethel Merman, Henry Ford II, David Dubinsky and the families of Alfred E. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey. Sesky, a 56-year-old Lithuanian immigrant who came to the U.S. in 1914, guards his young riders like an earnest father. "This is all my children on the carrousel," says Sesky, who is childless. "I tell the parents, 'This is your child off the carrousel but this is my child when he's on it.'"

The more detached professional feeling about merry-go-rounds has been neatly summed up by an amusement association man, Paul Huedepohl, who says, "It's like a shirt. Maybe it isn't your best piece of clothing, but you're never without one." But millions of children feel like a little boy in New Orleans who had spent his whole allowance on the merry-go-round and came to his father to beg more rides. The father, more practical than most, said, "Why, son, what's the matter with you? Here you've been riding round and round all afternoon, and son, where have you been?"

Perhaps that is the real secret of the carrousel's charm. At a time when almost any course of action will get a person somewhere, the lovely, leaping, tuneful merry-go-round goes on and on to a carefree nowhere.

—RICHARD W. JOHNSTON



"KIDDIE" CARROUSELS drawn by trucks bring merry-go-round right to door in many large cities.

No other way of shaving...
no other shaving cream
gives you closer,
cleaner, longer-
lasting shaves...
and is so good
for your skin!



TRY IT!



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SURVIVAL CAMPERS exhibit equipment taken on three-day expedition at Philmont Scout Ranch

From left they are: Tommy Henderson, 14; Ray Nicholas, 15; Vernon Nicodemus, 16; Howard Brown, 16.



"LIFE" TEAM. Photographer Owen (left) and Reporter Rosenfeld, had sleeping bags, canned rations,

Life Learns How to Survive in the Woods

BOY SCOUTS BEAT WILDERNESS IN NEW MEXICO

Most people, when they camp overnight in the woods, take along as many of the accoutrements of civilization as they can—portable stoves, tents with floor boards, canned *pâté de foie gras* and innumerable items calculated to make the woods seem just like home. But such frivolity is not camping at all to the four young gentlemen shown on these pages. They are Boy Scouts at the Philmont Scout Ranch in Cimarron, N. Mex., and, as part of a training session attended by youngsters from all over the U. S., they recently

spent three days in the wilderness, equipped only with three knives, one hatchet and considerable scout lore. During their experiment in survival they literally lived off the forest, depending on it for their food, shelter and fire. All things considered, they counted the experiment a success, even though two boys suffered slightly upset stomachs because of the abrupt change in diet and all suffered unscoutsmenlike attacks of envy of the LIFE photographer-reporter team (left) who were roughing it in style.



SHELTER is made out of tree branches and built so that the open side faces away from the prevailing wind. Here Vern Nicodemus (*left*) and Rae Nicholson test framework before putting on pine-bough roof.



MUD MORTAR for blocking up holes in shelter is made with straw, dirt and water carried from stream in Rae's Stetson. Boys were told good shelter could be made in 15 minutes, but it took them six hours.



FIRE IS STARTED by Howard Brown after the boys had worked on it for nearly six hours. Excess huffing and puffing took place because scouts could find no flint, had to use inferior rocks to get spark.



BERRY HUNTER, Tommy Herndon, said pocketful of green gooseberries tasted good. Boys, who had been instructed in plant identification, also foraged cow parsnips, raspberry leaves and some wild peas.



"TEA" is made by chopping hole in log, then dropping in leaves and water and boiling with hot rocks.



HEATING UNIT is this huge boulder which boys placed close to the fire so that it would reflect heat into their shelter. The rock was dropped while boys were carrying it and damaged the wall of the shelter.



PRIZE FISHERMAN among campers was Tommy Herndon, who caught 34 small but edible fish with bare hands. Scoutmasters advised using yucca line with thorn for hook, but he found grabbing quicker.

"I'LL PAY YOU 25¢ TO TRY NEW VITALIS Hair CREAM!"

says **BERT PARKS** star of TV hit,
"Break the Bank"



THAT'S HOW SURE I AM
YOU'LL PREFER THIS AMAZING
NEW CREAM HAIR TONIC
THAT'S NOT STICKY,
NOT GREASY!

REGULAR 49¢ SIZE
(EQUALS LEADING 59¢ CREAM
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**NEVER BEFORE SUCH
A CREAM HAIR TONIC!**

No sticky hands, hair or
comb! Washes off in
plain water!
Lighter-Bodied—makes
hair look good, but not
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Special Stay-Put Ingre-
dient gives a lasting
groom.
Homogenized for easy
flow in handy shaker-top
bottle. (Also in 27¢ size)

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: 1. Buy a bottle of
VITALIS Hair CREAM (by the makers of
famous Vitalis) at any drug counter. 2. Try
it. Then tear off the front panel of the carton,
write your name and address on the back
and mail to
**VITALIS Hair CREAM, Box 294
New York 46, N. Y.**
25¢ will be promptly mailed to you. Offer
expires October 31, 1951. Limited to one per
family. Take advantage of this money-saving
offer now—and meet the world's best liquid
cream hair tonic.


Made by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

NOW!
Young Americana
by **Teentown**
Inspired by our
American History!



You'll be proud to carry these brand new
"Young Americana" handbags, for you, the
All-American girl! You'll be thrilled with the
gorgeous hand-cast medallions of famous
historical events! Many styles in genuine
leather. Shown above, \$5.00; below,
\$3.00. Colors: red, brown, ginger, green,
navy, suntan, natural.

Featuring:
The Spirit of '76,
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Crossing the Delaware,
"Young Americana" Belt
is match. About \$2.00



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RADIATOR!



Now get this—for only a few
cents per month—you can
keep the water in your car's
cooling system "CRYSTAL
CLEAR THROUGHOUT THE
YEAR"—Now . . . Ask your
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THE NAME FOR GUNS
Marlin
Fine Guns Since 1870
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also makers of sensational
new magnetized
MARLIN RAZOR BLADES

Brighter Shines
WITH
THE RUBBING



KIWI
(KLEE-WEE)
SHOE POLISH

Survival Campers CONTINUED



PRIMITIVE ROPE to be used for reinforcing the framework of the shelter
is woven by Tommy Herndon out of fiber stripped from a yucca plant. Scout-



FOREST FEAST of trout caught by Tommy Herndon (left) is smoked over
campfire. Boys smoked the fish by first cutting the fire down to embers, then



masters told the boys that yucca soap could be made by drying and powdering the roots, but the boys got along without putting the plant to this use.

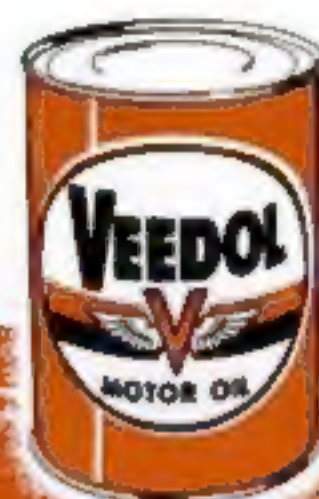


placing a green bark chimney on the coals. The other boys offered to take Tommy's night fire watch as reward for his fish, but like good scout he refused.

Special Aerodynamic Sedan designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL "Dream Car" Salon.



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from LIFE, September 25, 1950, by Victor Jorgensen

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE . . .

Every now and then you see some pictures that "make you feel good all over." Here is an example.

Something momentous is happening to little Mike. He will never forget this day. Mike, you see, is deaf, and he is entering the living world of speech.

When we first meet him in these photographs, he is all anticipation at the new kind of game he is going to play with his teacher. Then the miracle happens to Mike. The first words he has ever heard

pierce the silence in which he has always lived. We feel Mike's shock of wide-eyed wonder. Then from bewilderment we see understanding come, and we are happy for Mike. Perhaps our lips part involuntarily as we repeat with him his first triumphant "ooh-h-h."

The photograph lets us enjoy many human activities we might otherwise never experience or even know about.

... to see life ... to see the world ... to eyewitness great events

LIFE



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Schlitz tastes so good ...
it's first in sales in America.

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We think you'll like Schlitz best, too.

TELEVISION FRIDAY - See "Schlitz Film Firsts" for recent movies, first time on TV, CBS-TV.

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Test Camels
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Try them for 30
days and you'll
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Smokers all over the country have made the sniff test, the puff test — *and* the thorough 30-day Camel test to find out the score on cigarette mildness.

Now, after *all* the mildness tests, the smoke has cleared and Camel has its biggest lead in popularity in 25 years! The latest published figures show that *Camel leads all*

other brands by billions of cigarettes!

Joan Crawford made her own 30-day Camel test — and compared for mildness and flavor. So have many other smokers. Start your own *sensible* 30-day Camel test today. Enjoy Camel's rich, full flavor — a flavor no other cigarette has. And see just how mild a cigarette can be — pack after pack, week after week!

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking **CAMELS!**

THAT'S WHAT NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO SMOKED ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS!